Saturday Review

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1954 / 20¢

ND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

y Morton Sontheimer

llis McGinley, *author of*
e Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley."
e page 11)

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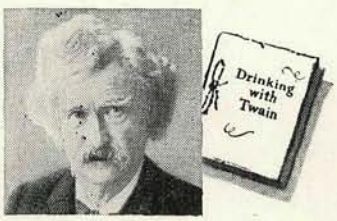

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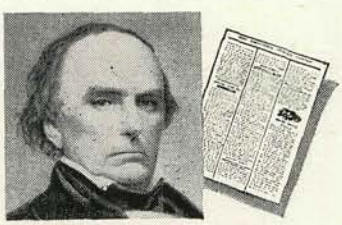

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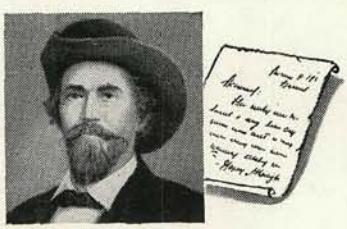

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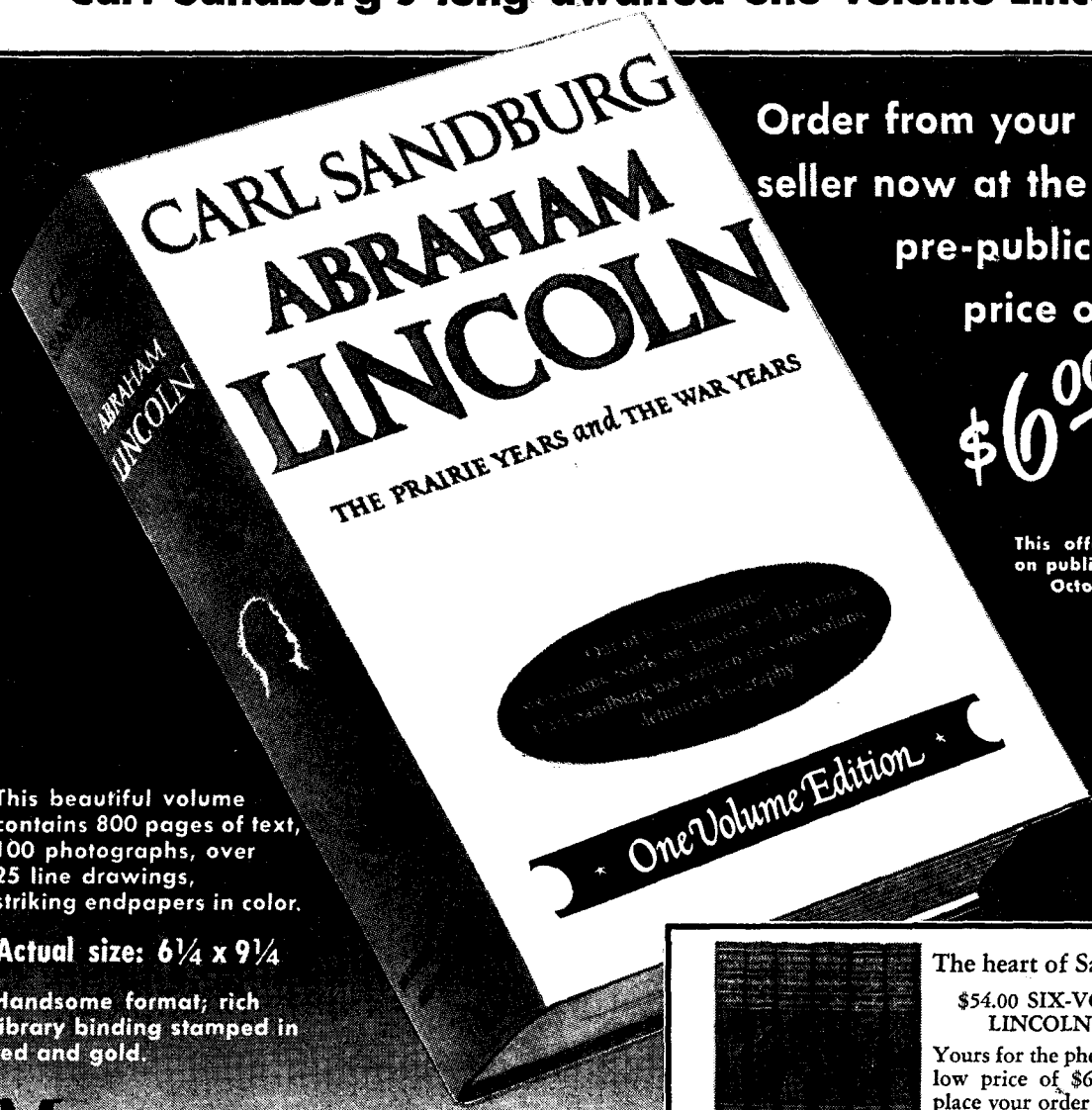

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SEPTEMBER 28, 1954

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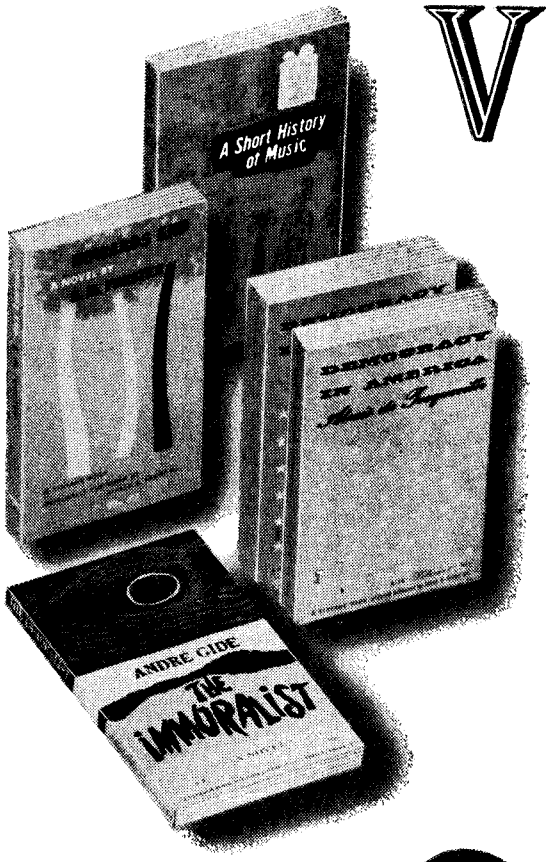

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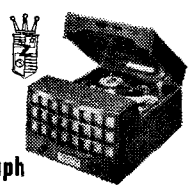

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TRADE Winds

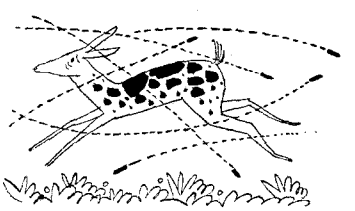
FOR A LONG TIME we have wanted to say *olé* to the bully boys—to all those bold writers who have taken bullfighting by the horns, so to speak, and sold it, not only to the book publishers and Hollywood but also to *The Reader's Digest, Life, Vogue,* and *Mademoiselle.* Bravely they have kept at their task, through depression, war, and McCarthy, until finally, in their beloved "moment of truth," they have practically convinced us that anyone who doesn't enjoy bullfighting is practically un-American.

Nor was this easy. First, of course, they had to get us to call bullfighting

a sport (something even the Spaniards have been reluctant to do); second, they had to get us to understand its ol'-time religion and primitive art (so ol'-time and primitive, in fact, that only two countries of the world are still ol'-time and primitive enough to understand it themselves); third, they had to get us to think it was smart—"smart," it goes without saying, in the somewhat limited Society sense of the word ("But, my dear, Spain and Mexico are so *chic*"); and fourth, having made it smart, they had, at the same time, to tell the horsy set that the bulls aren't half as hard on horses as they used to be and, anyway, the horses are not the horses the horsy set are used to ("But, my dear, the horses are *blindfolded.* They don't see a *thing*"). And finally, of course, they had to tell those of us who still thought it was hard on the bulls that we had no idea how much courage it took on the part of the matadors. (If the latter argument seemed a *non sequitor,* they had only to name our own great matadors —Sloane Simpson, Jinx Falkenberg, Bette Ford, and Ava Gardner. Every one of them may not be a model of exactly the same manly courage, but, dammit man, every one of them was a model, wasn't he?)

WE MEAN, OF COURSE, wasn't she? And that brings us to our second *olé*—the bully girls. Taking up where the bully boys left off, they have taken out their typewriters and are now equally bravely pounding away. This month they have already brought in from the bullpen Dorothy Eiland's short novel "The Bullfighters" (Pageants, $3), and next month brings a major effort, "The Bulls of Parral" (Doubleday, $3.95), by Marguerite Steen, British author of "The Sun Is My Undoing" and "Matador" (which, incidentally, is the favorite title for most books about bullfighting). Next month also brings a non-fiction job, "The Lady Bullfighter," by Patricia McCormick (Holt, $3.50). Hailing from Big Spring, Texas, daughter of a Texas oilman, Miss McCormick started bullfighting at the age of seven with a lawnmower as her first bull and a bedspread as her first cape. Last week Miss McCormick, at twenty-five, was so severely gored by a bull in Mexico that it was not known as we went to press whether or not she would recover.

ALTOGETHER, the whole thing is extremely depressing, and we will await with pleasure the first book that just wonders a little bit whatever became of the old-fashioned Anglo-American (or Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Grecian) idea of sportsmanship and fair play. (Webster's Dictionary defines "sportsmanship" as "conduct . . . involving



honest rivalry and graceful acceptance of results.") And, while we're at it, we'll also await the same sort of book on hunting. (Curiously enough, bullfighters, when cornered, almost invariably turn on hunting. "I think the *corrida,*" wrote Miss McCormick, "is no less civilized than going out in droves . . . to bang away at frightened deer.") This fall season brings, as usual, a couple of new deer-hunting books, the short of it, "Deer Hunting," by Francis E. Park Jr. (Barnes, $1.75), and the long of it, "Hunting Whitetails," by Frank C. Edminister (Morrow, $4), both of which prove, albeit unintentionally, how inadequate are our conservation groups, wildlife federations, humane societies, SPCA's, etc., as well as how hopeless it is to leave such matters to the individual states. In any case, to both authors we commend our

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favorite hunting yarn—a short story entitled "The Most Dangerous Game," by the late Richard Connell. In this story a celebrated hunter is shipwrecked on an island where an even more celebrated hunter has developed the perfect hunt—a three-day chase, complete with dogs, after people. Here, for once, the hunter becomes the hunted, and—though its "*olé, olé* in free" in the end—he doesn't seem to enjoy it all.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS to make a hunting world. There are those who welcome any kind of a hunting accident—an accident to the hunter, that is—and there are those who admit, like the alleged author of a recent fishing story in a sports magazine, that they get their manly satisfaction out of belaboring a landed fish with a club. ("Hit just in front of the eyes," he said, "and keep at it.") For such adult delinquents there is probably no hope. For other adults, however, there has been, in the course of last year, as well as this fall, an extraordinary number of excellent nature books:

"The Animal Kingdom," a new three-volume encyclopedia edited by Frederick Drimmer (Garden City, $17.50); "Animals, Men, and Myths," the second volume in the famous "Gods, Graves, and Scholars" series, by Richard Lewinsohn (Harper, $5); "Animals and Man," a fascinating record by G. S. Cansdale, superintendent of the London Zoo (Praeger, $4); "Sex and the Nature of Things," by N. J. Berrill, McGill professor of zoology (Dodd, Mead, $3.50); "Animal Courtship," an animal Kinsey report by Britisher Maurice Burton (Praeger, $4); "Animal I.Q.," by Vance Packard (Dial, $2.50); "Hackenfeller's Ape," a satirical novel by Brigid Brophy (Random House, $3); "Insects: Their Secret World," by Evelyn Cheesman (Sloane, $3.50); "The Ways of the Ant," by John Crompton (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50); "The Herring Gull's World," by Niko Tinbergen (Praeger, $4), and the forthcoming "Dogs and People," by George and Helen Papashvily (Lippincott, $3.95).

LAST BUT NOT LEAST comes next week "The Wilderness World of John Muir" (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50). Edited by Edwin Way Teale, this remarkable book contains not only the story but also the philosophy of this country's first great conservationist—a man who from 1838 to 1914 covered most of the American wilderness alone, on foot, and unarmed. Carrying only a sackful of stale bread and tea, he neither hunted nor, in turn, was he ever harmed by any animal. "He was unafraid," says Teale, "of danger, of hardship, of wildness, of being alone, of facing death. He was unafraid of public opinion. He was unafraid of work and poverty, and hunger. He knew them all and he remained unafraid."

We wonder if Hollywood, in between making movies about the brave bullfighters and the bold big-game hunters, could find the time to read the John Muir story. Knowing their literary limitations, we have already prepared them a synopsis of the synopsis, and here it is:

The time is 1899. The place is Kodiac Island. The characters are members of the famous Harriman expedition. The action begins with the return of a hunting party, rejoicing over their kill; it concludes with John Muir writing in his journal: "Harriman returned last evening after killing two bears—mother and child."

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

Songs

By Witter Bynner

I HAVE an impulse every day
But it would never do:
I want to walk a different way,
Reversing shoe and shoe.

I want my left foot to go right,
My right foot to go wrong.
The impulse quickens every night,
And that is half my song.

At night I wear no shoes at all,
My feet go as they will,
One of them walking up a wall,
The other on a sill.

The windowed foot is out and in,
The walled foot in and out.
Songs never end, only begin,
And what are they about?

IT IS SAD indeed to record the death last week of Irwin Edman. We knew him as conversationalist and friend, as urbane wit and gracious gentleman. But under his great wit and charm, of course, there was not only a powerful intellect, but a truly understanding heart—as is well known to the thousands who read "Philosopher's Holiday" and "Philosopher's Quest," "Fountainheads of Freedom" and "Under Whatever Sky," or the millions who read him in this or other magazines or listened to him on "Invitation to Learning" or "Town Meeting of the Air." To the freshmen of Columbia University we extend our greatest sympathy; in the passing of this great teacher their loss is irreparable.

—C. A.

— this is Hebe, the resourceful, relentless young heroine of

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"... there can be precious few writers alive with Miss Robertson's command of English, capable of writing a prose of such wit and lucidity and of convincing the reader that, no matter how strange the circumstances, human beings would behave just as she makes them." —*The New York Times*

This is E. ARNOT ROBERTSON'S first book in ten years but she is well remembered for *Four Frightened People, Three Came Unarmed, Ordinary Families,* and *The Signpost* (a Book-of-the Month Selection.) DEVICES AND DESIRES ($3.50 at all bookstores) has been a book well worth waiting for.

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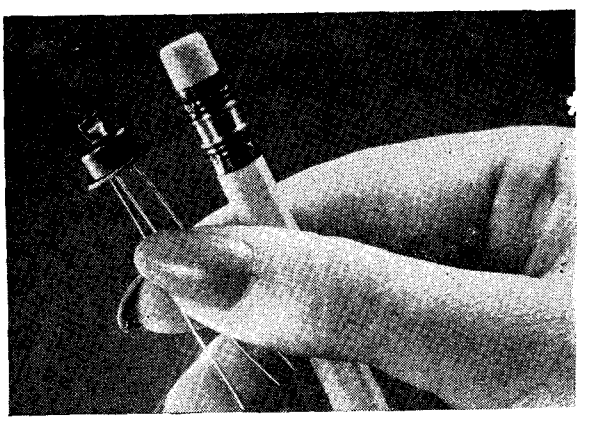

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 18, 1954

AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

BY MORTON SONTHEIMER

There are plenty of subjects in the world few persons know anything about—like catching the Snake River bull-salmon. Then, there are a few who do know—like Idaho farmers and townsmen who have challenged the salmon for thirty years, and could spiel on him for another thirty. But . . . are there lots of people interested in salmon? Do Western fishermen know how to write? These are the horns upon which every editor is dilemmaed every week. How to solve such a dilemma (popularly and profitably) is the theme of a new book, "Guide to Successful Magazine Writing" (soon to be published by Scribner's), the introduction of which, by a successful article writer (who fears no rival?), SR prints below.

THE magazine editor has been defined as a man who knows exactly what he wants but doesn't know just what it is. That being the case—and how could any writer doubt it?—we must in all fairness define the successful magazine writer as a man who knows what he's doing but doesn't quite know how he does it.

No writer can tell precisely how he wrote a good article. With most authors the process is so painful that nature seems to erase the memory much as it does for women who suffer in childbirth. Were it not for that I'm sure the world would be full of *primi-parae* and one-shot article writers. Even if a good writer can't define an article, he senses what makes it. After he's studied and written enough of them, he invariably feels the real thing in his bones—the ones situated at one end of his spine or the other, generally.

The outstanding fact about the article today is its dominant position in our magazines, and in our culture. Two drastically important changes have occurred in American magazines during the twentieth century, and they have occurred at an accelerating rate. The first was the increase in the number of different magazines and their circulations. Americans today read more than nine times as many magazines as they did in 1914, twice as many as in 1934. They read three times as many magazines per issue as newspapers. The combined circulation of all magazines in the United States and Canada is more than 170 million copies per issue, almost the combined population of both countries.

The second change is in the character of the magazines' contents. At the turn of the century magazines were primarily fiction vehicles with a meager ration of anemic non-fiction. This consisted mostly of stodgy essays and didactic exercises designed for the egghead set of the day. Now the tables of contents have turned completely. Fiction is struggling for a final foothold in our magazines. Many magazines have no fiction at all. In twenty-six with the biggest circulation and general appeal 84 per cent of editorial contents are non-fiction.

Nobody in the field of communications needs such statistics to realize the enormous impact of the magazine article upon the people. But with this goes an inescapable corollary—to carry such influence the article must have the widest kind of appeal. If it appears in a magazine read by mil-

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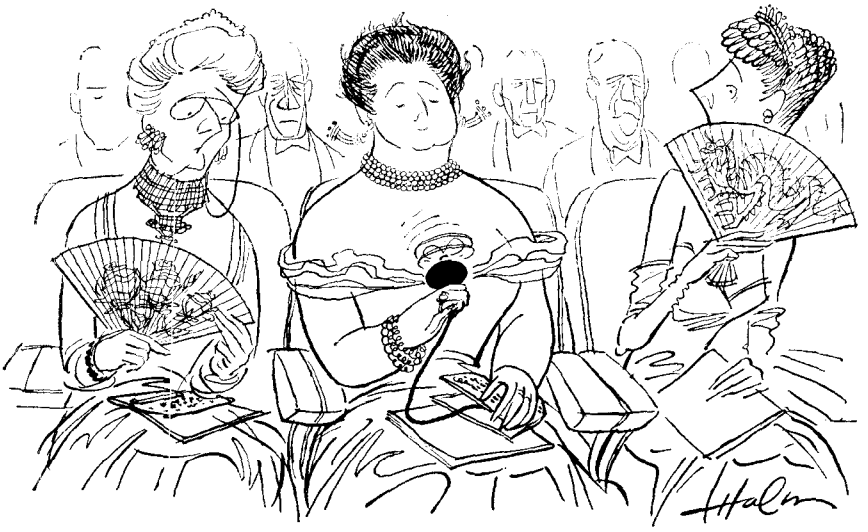

lions of people it must give promise of interesting millions of people, people of varied tastes and intellects.

The newspaper can afford to let its readers pick and choose through its abundance of short-lived news stories. The magazine, if it is to earn its keep for a week or a month, must aim at interesting every one of its readers in every one of its features. Of course, that's impossible, hence theoretical, but such an impossibility only intensifies the aim. This naturally gives the writer, in turn, an impossible task to accomplish. Occasionally he loses sight of this basic outrage in the demands he must place upon himself and goes stumbling off to a psychiatrist in blank bewilderment.

UNTIL about a decade ago magazines went after their goal of universal interest for each article in a rather unstudied way. Then, suddenly smitten with giantism in the great circulation surges that followed the last war, they began prodding and poking themselves in an orgy of self-examination. A great many old-time writers nestling easily in warm pockets were bruised in this process to the point of extinction. The writers who hung on, and the new ones, learned some highly essential tricks, first for gauging an article, then for writing it.

They learned, for instance, that everybody is overwhelmingly interested in himself. Not a new discovery, but it needed applying. The application was the article that either affected the reader personally—his health, his money, his hormones—or potentially —"tomorrow it can be *your* child." Immediately the editors set up a shrine to this notion, labeled Reader Identification. Devout writers lined up to start worshiping at it. To this day, as they finger each new story idea, you can see their lips move with the cardinal words, how does it affect the reader?

The result of this has been aptly pointed out by Marc Rose, distinguished senior editor of *The Reader's Digest*. It is the phenomenon of the spectacular, the hard-to-find, the extraordinary, being far less often magazine material than the commonplace, yet personal incident. Right there is the essential difference between the magazine article and the newspaper story, one of the factors that makes the transition so difficult for the newspaperman turning magazine writer.

An observant wit once came up with three classifications into which he claimed he was able to fit the bulk of all magazine articles:

Oh, the glory of it!
Oh, the shame of it! And
Oh!

Since the article must not only hook them but hold them, technique doesn't end with the lead. As much of the article as possible is told in narrative style. The fuel that keeps this narrative style running smoothly is anecdotes. Not just any anecdotes. That's where the tyro usually goes astray. The anecdote that would be peachy for your favorite columnist, or all by itself would regale the gang at home, quite probably won't do. The article demands anecdotes that make a given point, that illustrate, that tell the story. Ideally the anecdotes will not merely supplement but substitute for description or exposition in the article. Anecdotes are far and away the favorite device for sustaining reader interest in non-fiction subjects, and they have not so much been overdone as too often badly done. Certainly they have become the overriding fetish of our magazine editorial rooms. Many a story has been ordered, many a long trip taken, on the basis of a couple of anecdotes alone. Hardly any idea can be put over without one.

A tendency toward the intimate rather than the stupendous or unusual manifests itself in the writing of the magazine article as well as in the choice of subjects. Thus, the writer's notes may tell him that Americans spend 300 million a year on a product, but he uses his pencil before his typewriter so that he can make it read that the average American spends two dollars on it. A whole army's morale may be shot, but the article writer prefers to show it through the attitude of a single soldier. The reason is simply that the reader can more easily identify himself with two bucks than 300 million, with a single soldier than an army. It is a simple application of the old journalistic demonstration that people are more interested in a cave-in in Tennessee that traps one man than an avalanche in Tibet that kills ten thousand.

When an old newspaper colleague meets a magazine writer he's likely to say, in the candid way of the good reporter, "How much'd they pay you for that yarn you got in this month's issue?" The writer may reply $1,500 or $2,000, and his old associate is probably convinced it's a lie, as indeed, it sometimes is—though not much, and not always.

The newspaperman is thinking, there was nothing great about that writing. . . . I could have written that story in the time it takes to do the a.m. rewrites.

He's probably right on both counts. At the same time he has put his finger on the difference between his work and the magazine writer's—the $1,500 difference. For, incredible as it may seem to the boys back on the newspaper rewrite desk, the magazine writer probably spent a week or two writing that story, not to mention the three weeks or so devoted to research.

MAGAZINE writing may only rarely be great writing, and it may seldom be art, but it is careful, studied, tirelessly polished writing, and it is artful. It's commonplace for the article writer to spend a day or more working out his lead. He may routinely revise two, four, or six times and edit his manuscript a dozen times until every verbosity is removed or carefully weighed, until every long sentence is split, until every possible paragraph has a distinctive lift or a new bid for interest, until every dull but indispensable fact is buttered with special interest material, until every hidden repetition is removed, and the conclusion contains no letdown.

After all that, he's just as likely to get it back from the editor for one or two revisions. With such a routine you'd certainly expect every magazine article should be just about perfect. Yes, you certainly would now, wouldn't you? Well, lightly skirting the perils of pedagogy, let us briskly move on to the next subject.

The painful strictures of non-fiction writing are the damned facts. The short-story writer, the novelist, can

(*Continued on page* 39)

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VERSE

Urbane Suburbanite

"The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley" *(Viking Press. 116 pp. $3) offers the latest work of one of the brightest practitioners of the art of light verse. Its appearance gives our reviewer an occasion to consider whence the art form has come and whither it may goeth.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

THE news today is that Phyllis McGinley has done it again—just as she has been doing it again and again in the columns of *The New Yorker,* "in which the majority of these poems originally appeared," and in other periodicals less fortunate. It's arrived, the 1954 McGinley, that is: "The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley"—and what a disarming title that is!—the most recent light verse, mostly *con amore,* of the lady whom one has long suspected of being the most dependable practitioner in the field, at least on the distaff side, now that Dorothy Parker has gone out of print. (We men still have our occasional Ogden Nash.) How long this has been so one hadn't realized until now: for, unless my arithmetic is slipping, by actual count this is the *seventh* McGinley collection.

Although these "love letters" are addressed to various and sundry (all dressed up in their Sundry Best—or, as in some sections of this book, their Worst) and perhaps most of all, to Life itself, be not pale and wan, fond lover: for they are addressed to you, most of all: yes, reader, if you are alive and intelligent, and who would not admit to being so?—send not to know for whom this Belle toils—know, she toils for you. (That's if we assume, with Louis Kronenberger, that "the freshness and gaiety" of good light verse like this "must be achieved through practice and drudgery." Somehow, one refuses to believe that Miss McGinley is a Drudge.) For light verse is a social art—whether society be envisaged as the upper-level of a community (as in the term *vers de societé*) or simply as a community at the level of literacy. It's aimed very deliberately at an audience; its concern, as A. J. M. Smith has pointed out, is "what comes home to men's business and bosoms." And it must be capable of being "instantaneously communicated."

Since this is so, why is it that we have so few McGinleys? In view of the general reading public's steadfast indifference, or even hostility, to the more serious poets (most of the public, as Lloyd Frankenberg avers *he* was, have been "brought up on prose"), why is there not more light verse written today, verse that offers no bewildering (if sometimes fascinating) symbols dredged up from the unconscious, verse that, to the contrary, is the product of conscious art? And here the urge that is irresistible to anyone reading good light verse—verse as good as that in "The Love Letters"—the urge to quote something from the book because it's so apposite or, even more, because it's so wickedly amusing, intervenes. Here is "Mrs. Sweeney Among the Allegories"—actually, Miss McGinley after an afternoon and evening of submersion in the works lyrical and dramatic of T. S. Eliot:

Between the Idea
And the Interpretation,
Between the epigram
And the guffaw,
Falls the Symbol.

Between the Intermission
And the Finale,
Between the horns
And the dilemma,
Falls the Symbol.

Between the First Level
And the Third Level,
Between the dark
And the daylight,
Between Grand Central Terminal
And Larchmont, New York,
Falls the Symbol.

SINGLE-MINDED devotees of the Master take note: this is no Edgar-Guest-reared philistine poking ridicule at her betters. Though Miss McGinley suggests elsewhere in the same parody that the meanings in Eliot's "Confidential Clerk" escaped her, one suspects this is largely pose. What

THE AUTHOR: The Duke of Windsor abdicated his career as a British king for a woman back in 1936—every schoolchild knows *that,* all right—but just how many people are there around these days who know that Phyllis McGinley abdicated *her* career as a serious poet for the Duke? Well, it all began back in the early Thirties when the Duke, then the Prince of Wales, became a bug on embroidery. One day a newspaper carried a dispatch on the Prince's *petit-point* interests, a dispatch which happily caught the eye of Miss McGinley, then a young lady in her twenties writing mostly serious poetry that turned up in *The Atlantic.* At once she cleared her desk of introspection and wrote a delightfully extrovert poem called "Crewel Britannia," which *The New Yorker* grabbed. "That was my downfall," Miss McGinley cheerfully recalled the other day. "From then on I began writing 'funny' poetry. *The New Yorker* encouraged me, then gave me a contract stipulating I was to get a higher linage rate for humorous than for serious poetry. Eventually the two styles merged—I sort of tricked them, I think, into letting me write things that were outwardly amusing but inwardly serious." To date Miss McGinley has written enough amusingly serious mcginleys to fill seven books praising the U.S., suburbia, and diversity, among other things, and damning literary cocktail parties, overly progressive education, and Christmas shopping, among others. In addition to being a writer, Miss McGinley is also a wife (her husband is a businessman), a mother (two teen-age daughters), and a housekeeper (a 100-year-old Victorian home in New York City's suburbs). Getting back to poetry, Miss McGinley outlined her goals. "What I have been consciously trying to do recently—ever since I've had enough confidence to consider myself a poet—is to narrow the gulf between 'light' and 'serious' verse. One other thing: I always try to share with my readers the immediacy of my own delight or despair of the world as I see it through my window." —BERNARD KALB.

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appears between the lines is not a lack of comprehension, but a justifiable distaste for writing that says less than it pretends to say. I should say that Miss McGinley's "Mrs. Sweeney" does quite the opposite; and the trained reader of poetry (as readers of poetry are now trained in the universities) should find considerable intellectual delight in discovering the various "levels of meaning"—as a starter, take the third stanza, with its sly injection of Longfellow, to say nothing of the Level where the lady must meet her commuter train. . . .

But to get back to the paucity of McGinleys (I mean, of light-verse writers *like* Miss McGinley—I don't mean the paucity of her own poetic productions which, happily, reveal that she is energetic and full of invention, enough to keep turning them out.) Why is there so little light verse today?

For there was a time when there was more. Oddly enough, considering that the best writing in this genre seeks to evoke that "thoughtful laughter" which Meredith found to be the true index of the Comic Spirit—"our civilization is founded on commonsense," he posited in his "Essay on Comedy"—oddly enough, light verse had a "revival" in "the era of wonderful nonsense," in the Twenties—with Dorothy Parker, FPA, Samuel Hoffenstein, Arthur Guiterman, Christopher Morley, Ogden Nash, *et al.* Perhaps it was only another bubble in the general literary ferment of the time, the Fitzgerald-O'Neill-Hart Crane Period—or perhaps it was the logical reaction of the less deadly serious to the Poetic Renascence that had started some ten years earlier. From poetry that took itself very seriously indeed there was a jump to verse that took nothing at all very seriously or, at the least, pretended to take nothing at all very seriously.

Actually, of course, the best light verse is serious enough. A. J. M. Smith, whom I must cite once more (and whose anthology "The Worldly Muse" might well include Phyllis McGinley in its next edition), insists that "though the poems are presided over by the muse of Comedy they offer a genuine 'criticism of life,' which though never solemn or pretentious is never trivial either." The term "criticism of life" being itself "solemn" and "pretentious," I myself prefer (again) Meredith's appraisal of the workings of the Comic Spirit: "Whenever men wax out of proportion, [it will] cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter."

Well, men today are certainly as out of proportion as they were in the Twenties (and women will be again too, shortly, if M. Dior has his way, *n'est ce pas?*). Why not a second light-verse revival, sparked by Miss McGinley? Well, for one thing, where would we put it? In the Twenties there was the newspaper column; and the service this show-window did the cause of light verse has still to be chronicled. It wasn't merely that the columns supplied a place for verse to appear; often enough the columnists themselves were distinguished in the field.

IT USED to be a simple matter—you'd just to open up your morning *World* and turn to that page opposite the editorials. Postponing your perusal of Heywood Broun, Walter Lippmann, St. John Ervine, or William Bolitho, you'd glance up and down "The Conning Tower." It was FPA's column where you'd look for FPA himself, with his peerless distortions of Horace (or somebody else's, because everybody wanted to get in the act those days), or for Dorothy Parker or—well, go to "The Conning Tower Anthology," if you can locate a copy, and examine the roster. Elsewhere, but still in New York, you might find Don Marquis in *The Sun* or *The Tribune.* But the naming of these columns is a bit saddening; not one of the papers in which they appeared is now in existence, except as an ancestor. (Which is not to say that the light verse in those columns killed them!)

It was not New York, of course, but Chicago that saw the first successful newspaper column along these lines—Eugene Field's "Sharps and Flats" (but this is going well back of the Twenties) in the *Daily News*—and, within the period of the "light-verse revival," Bert Leston Taylor's "Line O' Type or Two" in *The Chicago Tribune.* Field's versions of Horace may have started FPA on that diverting course; while the editor of "The Conning Tower" freely admitted Taylor's superiority as a light versifier. (Of course, Adams was an old Chicagoan himself.)

Today the columns are gone, and of magazines hospitable to "the worldly muse" only *The New Yorker* appears to make a point of it. And, that reminds me, the point I was trying to make (and I don't know that it was really worth making, with actual light-verse poems from "The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley" right in front of me telling me to stow that old nostalgia and get on with it) was that there seems no obvious reason why light verse should be in a Decline—except, perhaps, that editors *decline* to print it. The targets for the Comic Spirit are still as many, if not more; and in the hands of a proper talent. . . .

Well, for example, take TV, to which Miss McGinley very properly tosses a "Mixed Bouquet." From a group of nine thorny roses I quote "Almost Any Evening":

> On all the channels,
> Nothing but panels!

You see? Simple, but deadly. And short enough to quote (explanation for those who Can't See Much in That); I'd like to, but obviously can't, quote the (I think) longest poem in this book, "In Praise of Diversity"—seventeen beautifully sustained stanzas, which present, as somebody once said, "a standard for honest men to rally round." This poem, though longer than it should be to be typical, is especially valuable for its presentation of the typical McGinley point of view. Every reader will have his own favorite stanzas. Here are mine, about halfway through "In Praise of Diversity"; they occur in the midst of a description of the way, nowadays, " 'For or Against's' the only rule":

> There's white, there's black; no tint between.
> Truth is a plane that was a prism.
> All's Blanshard that's not Bishop Sheen.
> All's treason that's not patriotism.
> Faith, charity, hope—now all must fit
> One pattern or its opposite.
>
> Or so it seems. Yet who would dare
> Deny that nature planned it other,
> When every freckled thrush can wear
> A dapple various from his brother,
> When each pale snowflake in the storm
> Is false to some imagined norm?

* * *

Reading this rambling essay-review over, I realize I haven't said a word about what one is usually supposed to say words about in talking about light verse—the technical brilliance, the witty rhymes, the . . . Very well, then. Perhaps I can make the point best by contrast—ending not with a bang perhaps, but not with a whimper certainly:

> Her rapier pen now shears excess,
> Now punctures a pretension:
> Now cuts what blusters as "success"
> Down to its true dimension.
> Yet smiles the while, and far from thinly,
> This happy miss, this Miss McGinley!

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—By Gustave Doré for "The Inferno." (Pantheon).

"The Giant Antaeus Lowering Dante and Virgil"—"reads easily and flows smoothly."

Dante for Americans

"Dante Alighieri: The Inferno," translated by John Ciardi *(288 pp. Rutgers University Press. Cloth-bound, $4.50. New American Library. Paperbound, 50¢), is a new rendering into English, by a talented American poet, of the Italian classic.*

By Lawrence Grant White

IF IMITATION is the sincerest flattery, translation, which is indeed a form of imitation, cannot be far behind. Were Dante alive today he would be flattered by the rapidly increasing number of renderings of his Divine Comedy in the English language. The most recent to appear is an excellent translation of the "Inferno" by John Ciardi.

A translator of the Divine Comedy must at the outset make the important decision regarding the form in which his rendering is to be cast. If, like Charles Eliot Norton and William Warren Vernon, he should choose prose he will enjoy the utmost freedom in choice of words, unhampered by the demands of rhyme and meter; but he must pay the price of losing any suggestion of the music of the original. His translation will be a metamorphosis: for he has changed poetry into prose. The result might be compared to a black-and-white engraving of an oil painting.

If, like Cary and Longfellow, he should choose blank verse the result, to carry on the simile, will be like a water color copy of an oil painting. The rhythm will recall that of the original, and the sense need not be twisted to suit the demands of rhyme. The form itself has been established beyond question in English literature by Shakespeare and Milton. The best possible argument in its favor can be found in the introduction to "Paradise Lost": "The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin—rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them." But the conscientious objectors will protest that, however noble blank verse may be as a form, the *terzina*, the structural unit of the original, has disappeared.

THERE remains the alternative of exactly copying the structure of the original as used by Plumptre and Dorothy Sayers. While this procedure may give a plausible echo of Dante, the form is alien to the English ear; and the demands of continuous rhyme and meter combined are so exacting that the sense must often give way.

Mr. Ciardi has chosen a compromise form in which the divisions into groups of three lines have been retained, and emphasized typographically. As in Dante, the first and third lines rhyme, or at least are more or less assonant. But the middle line, which in Dante forms a connecting link with the adjacent *terzina*, here has no relation to any other line whatever. A similar expedient was used by the late Jefferson Butler Fletcher. By this compromise the requisite number of rhymes is reduced by one-third; but, even so, in "Inferno" alone there are over 3,000 lines which must be rhymed. However, in Mr. Ciardi's translation the relentless pattern of rhyme is relieved by the intervening unrhymed lines and also by the occasional assonances, with the result that the poem reads easily and flows smoothly. Inevitably some words are "rhyme-forced," to borrow an expression from one of the excellent footnotes, which are models of clarity and conciseness. In them the phonetic spelling of the proper names in boldface type, however startling to the eye, is of real help to readers unfamiliar with Italian. The arguments preceding each canto are also models of their kind. While there are occasional unusual words such as "wherry," as a transitive verb (Canto V), and "fleers," which may cause eddies in the steady flow, the stream is not choked by the archaic constructions

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Europe's No. 1 Problem

"Modern Germany: Its History and Civilization," by Koppel S. Pinson *(Macmillan. 637 pp. $10), is an American historian's survey from the eighteenth century to the present. Below it is reviewed by Walter L. Dorn, professor of history at Ohio State University, who served with the U. S. military government in Germany.*

By Walter L. Dorn

IF during the past hundred and fifty years Germany has been a problem to herself and to the rest of the world, she also poses a correspondingly formidable problem to the historian. What the present generation expects from the historian is that he render intelligible one of the greatest misfortunes of Europe, the fact that the political and intellectual evolution of modern Germany simply did not proceed according to the same rhythm as that of the great Western democracies. No mere diplomatic history, so popular after World War I, can suffice to show how it came about that Nazi Germany ran amok, thus tearing down much of the fabric of historic Europe, without at the same time drawing heavily upon the deepest recesses of social and intellectual history. Recently some of the best minds have applied themselves to this arduous task, among them the Englishman A. J. P. Taylor, whose running commentary is often brilliant though hardly completely satisfactory. Frenchmen, too, often write the worst but also the best books on Germany.

Let it be said at once that Koppel S. Pinson's perceptive and comprehensive "Modern Germany, Its History and Civilization" is in many ways the most useful book of them all. It may lack the literary pungency of Taylor, but it is built on a more scholarly and thoroughly documented foundation, although the author's literary vignettes of Heine, Wagner and Nietzsche, Ernst Juenger and Spengler have both charm and depth. It may not always exhibit the uniformly profound philosophic analysis of Vermeil, but what it loses on this score it gains by the more rigorous empiricism of the author's method and by the reliability and objectivity of his conclusions.

Since in its structure and substance Mr. Pinson's study is essentially a handbook that spans the century and a half from the fragmented Germany of the eighteenth century down to the Allied Occupation, he cannot avoid covering familiar ground more adequately dealt with elsewhere. He, therefore, cuts his account of the diplomacy and warfare of Bismarck and the world wars to the bone and concentrates his prime attention on the forces that helped to shape modern Germany, such as liberalism, nationalism, political parties, and industrialization. In the process he rightly gives a wide berth to romanticism, which in its successive permutations was, perhaps, the strongest intellectual current in modern Germany, for this was largely responsible for the baneful intellectual and spiritual isolation of Germany from the West, for Germany's rejection of the democratic ideology of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, and for the organismic theory of state and society which encouraged the forces of political and social reaction and played such havoc with Spengler.

IN HIS search for determining forces Mr. Pinson has introduced two remarkable chapters which bear evidence of close study and reflection, one on German Catholicism and the other on socialism, precisely those elements which later proved to be most immune to the ravages of Nazism. It will surprise the critical reader that the author accords no similar dignity

—*Pletcher in* The Sioux City Journal.

"Same Old Container?"

to Protestantism and Prussianism. Never ignoring Prussia entirely, he, perhaps unintentionally, creates the impression of playing it down. It is all very well to insist on a thorough revision of the perversions of the Prussian historical school, but to write a history of modern Germany without an appropriate emphasis on the internal evolution and external influence of Prussia and Prussianism is to write "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Prussianism itself he discusses only in connection with Stahl, Treitschke, and the book on "Prussianism and Socialism" by Spengler, who grossly idealized the one and misunderstood the other. Yet, the social evolution of Prussia after 1811 which augmented the power of the Junker element, the persistence of the police state and the three-class voting system down to 1918, the relentless suppression of the Poles by Bismarck and his successors together with the activities of the *Ostmarkverein*, which made the Poles the implacable enemies of Germany, and finally the degeneration of Prussianism proper from the elder Moltke down to Ludendorff, the confederate of Hitler —all this is part of the story.

As he moves into the second quarter of the present century Mr. Pinson hits his stride. Indeed, in clarity of presentation and grasp of essential materials and issues the chapters on the Revolution of 1918, the economic and intellectual history of Weimar Germany are among the very best of the entire book. Nor do his powers fail him when he comes to the most difficult problem of all, the Nazi regime, which he regards as neither the inevitable outcome of German history nor as an alien grafting. He finds the deepest mainsprings of National Socialism in its anti-Semitic racialism, its aggressive nationalism, and in the foreign policy of Hitler. To these he curiously adds socialism. However, when Hitler talked of socialism he actually meant an intensified Prussian militarism which subjected both property rights and persons to the imperious needs of his garrison state and nothing more. Utterly devoid of a social philosophy, Nazism left the structure of German society essentially unchanged. State control of big industry and cartels, Hitler soon found, was vastly more important in modern society than ownership. The same sobriety of judgment which characterized the entire book pervades also the last chapter which, while it makes no attempt at a critical appraisal of American and allied occupation policy, ends with the establishment of the formal democracy of the Bonn Republic on the note of an uncertain future.

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Salazar—"without fear."

Bashful Dictator

"Salazar in Portugal: An Intimate Portrait," by Christine Garnier *(Farrar, Straus & Young. 220 pp. $3), is one of the few studies available in English of the little-known dictator. Here it is reviewed by Charles S. Nowell, professor of history at the University of Illinois and author of "A History of Portugal."*

By Charles S. Nowell

NEAR the middle of her book "Salazar in Portugal: An Intimate Portrait" Christine Garnier explains that the decision to write it was the result of a conversation with a Paris taxi driver. The cabman complained of his inability to understand current politics and laid his failure largely to lack of information regarding the private lives of statesmen. If only, he said, more could be known of their habits and pastimes a proper understanding of world events would be easier. Miss Garnier repeated these remarks to her publisher, who agreed that the driver had a point and sent the young French writer to Portugal to inaugurate a series of political portraits with one of Antonio de Oliveira Salazar.

Surprisingly, considering his dislike of publicity and his timidity with women, the elderly bachelor who for over twenty years has governed Portugal as first minister proved cooperative, giving Miss Garnier all the time he could spare and frequently entertaining her at lunch and dinner. Besides the interviews with Salazar, the author talked with people who had known him at various periods of his life (he is now sixty-five): his two sisters, his housekeeper, various professors at Coimbra University, where he was first a student and later a teacher, and the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon, once a fellow lecturer at Coimbra. Internal evidence shows that Miss Garnier held these conversations in the summer and early autumn of 1951, although the date matters little since her concern was with Salazar's personality and not with the changing condition of Portugal.

The book consists of eighteen brief chapters, most of them written as dialogues. Together they amount to a biography, although not a very factual one as the principal emphasis is placed on the statesman's thought and character. The portrait is that of a man consistent since boyhood in idea and purpose, conservative yet possessing some liberal traits, and wholly indifferent to his world's vanities. He has the greatest distaste for ostentation; Miss Garnier describes him as looking utterly miserable on the day that protocol compelled him to appear prominently at the inauguration of President Craveiro Lopes. He also maintains, with obvious sincerity, that he dislikes to wield power; the author suspects, however, this may involve some self-deception.

The unworldliness of Salazar is a theme often stressed; Miss Garnier feels that it is overstressed. This dictator, who will scarcely admit that he is one, has given Portugal and its colonial empire a strong Government for nearly a generation. In that time he has handled every type of modern politics.

MISS GARNIER leaves to others the question of whether Salazar has been good or bad for Portugal. That is her privilege, but she would not have taxed the reader's patience if she had added to this short book a few interviews with Portuguese citizens willing to give forthright opinions concerning the Government. It is to Salazar's credit that such citizens could have spoken freely and without fear.

Since the author spoke no Portuguese, all conversations were conducted in French, a language in which Salazar is not perfectly at home. Yet the dialogues as set down here are elegant, almost Platonic, in style. Miss Garnier neither took shorthand notes nor used a recording device, and no human being could quote from memory the elaborate paragraphs she offers us as coming from the lips of the dictator and his friends. What we obviously have is a series of polished summaries of ideas originally expressed, doubtless rather lamely, by Salazar and the other Portuguese.

But if we must be cautious about accepting Miss Garnier's elegant paragraphs as genuine quotations, the general picture of Salazar is an accurate one.

Law for Lawless

"Tyranny on Trial: The Evidence at Nuremberg," by Whitney R. Harris *(Southern Methodist University Press, Dallas. 608 pp. $6), is a fully documented account of the trials of the Nazi leaders. Lawrence D. Egbert, who reviews it here, is professorial lecturer at American University, and served on the staff of the Chief of Counsel during the trials.*

By Lawrence D. Egbert

WHITNEY R. HARRIS, at present executive director of the American Bar Association and formerly a trial counsel at Nuremberg, has just published the first comprehensive American study of the Nuremberg trial. "Tyranny on Trial: The Evidence at Nuremberg" is based primarily on three sources: "Trial of the Major War Criminals Before the International Military Tribunal," the official record of the trial; "Nazi Conspiracy and Aggression," a United States Government Printing Office publication; and "International Conference on Military Trials," a Department of State publication. Three authentic sources if ever there were any! The first sets out the transcript of the proceedings and the documents introduced into evidence, forty-two volumes of about 600 pages a volume. The second is restricted to documents and consists of eight volumes and two supplements. And the third source records the negotiations leading to the adoption of the Tribunal's Charter.

"Tyranny on Trial" tells the story, as revealed by the evidence at Nuremberg, of Hitler's rise to power, Nazi planning and execution of aggressive war, war crimes, and crimes against humanity, and the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny. It concludes with an interesting discussion of the law of the case. The story itself, or at least the basic plot, is all too familiar to most of us. Even now the world probably finds it incredible, almost to the point of disbelief, just as the Nazi leaders hoped we would. The great significance of Mr. Harris's book is the corroboration given to historians and other reporters of events that this tragic story is borne out by facts proven in a case in court by directives signed and confirmed by the testimony of the key personalities who wrote the directives. What had shocked the conscience of the world was now condemned by law in the solemn pronouncements of an international tribunal. The story, as told

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by Mr. Harris, each step of which is supported by incontrovertible evidence, is much too detailed even to sketch in a review.

WHEN the mammoth struggle was over and the Hitler tyranny was ended, the victorious powers created at Nuremberg for the trial of the major Nazi war leaders a court which was to apply law to facts proven by evidence. Confidence was placed in the personal integrity of the judges of the Tribunal, who solemnly undertook to try the accused in accordance with due process of law. The Tribunal did not hesitate to condemn the accused on charges of "war crimes," such as the killing of escaped prisoners, commandos, and captured fliers. The Hague and Geneva conventions provided a useful foundation in declared law for such crimes. With regard to "crimes against humanity," Mr. Harris states: "Dangers implicit in introducing into international law a concept as vaguely conceived as crimes against humanity should not be discounted. The only crimes considered by the Tribunal to fall within this category, however, were the murder and ill-treatment of prisoners of war and civilian populations, the pillage of public and private property, slave labor, and racial persecution carried to the point of extermination, all of which had to be committed in connection with, or in execution of, aggressive war. . . . And, while accepting the general idea of crimes against humanity as cognizable in international law, the Tribunal has restricted it to principles acceptable to all civilized peoples." The planning and waging of a war of aggression was declared by the Tribunal Charter to be a crime in international law.

At Nuremberg Mr. Harris served on the staff of Chief of Counsel Robert H. Jackson, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Robert G. Storey, recent president of the American Bar Association. The reviewer also served on the staff of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Storey, attempted to sift evidence and later struggled with problems of editing the official record. There can be no question of the great need of a comprehensive analysis of the record based on careful research and condensed into one volume. Mr. Harris is to be congratulated for producing such a volume with great skill. As Mr. Storey states in his foreword, "He has performed a remarkable feat in reducing the uncoordinated mass of documents and testimony into logical form in a single volume"; and as Mr. Jackson writes, "none can question that he has set forth the whole subject with objective learning and insight."

FICTION

Buccaneers of the North

"The Long Ships," by Frans G. Bengtsson *(translated by Michael Meyer. Alfred A. Knopf. 503 pp. $4.50), recounts the adventurous wanderings of Red Orm, one of the Viking marauders of the last years of the first Christian millennium.*

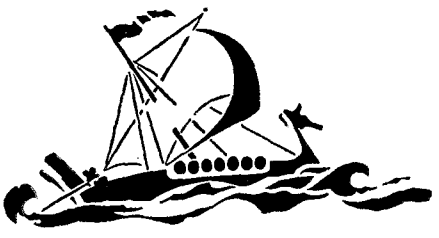
By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

BY AN odd coincidence — when one considers the area of time and space that is available—two of this autumn's more outstanding historical novels deal with the Viking marauders of the last years of the first Christian millennium. Indeed, so close do they move to each other that in the background of both appears that curiously named character Sigtrygg Silk-Beard, King of Dublin.

Edward Frankland's "The Foster Brothers" (which will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue of *SR*) is realistic and accurate, but perhaps lacking in imagination, and certainly monotonous in its unrelieved succession of rapes, seductions, drunkenness, and brutal murders.

There are plenty of murders, drunken scenes, seductions, and rapes in Frans G. Bengtsson's "The Long Ships," but monotonous is the last adjective you would apply to it, and its imagination has the flash and shimmer of the sun's path on a gray sea into which a Viking ship sails. In its vivid and enlightened recreation of a vanished age it can be compared only with H. F. M. Prescott's "The Man on a Donkey." In its lustiness and in the civilized detachment of its author it stands with the best work of Mika Waltari.

It is an all-embracing tale—both geographically and in respect to its multifold happenings. Its hero is one Red Orm, himself relatively obscure, but in whose veins flows the blood of King Ivar of the Broad Embrace. Orm marries Ylva, sister of King Sven Fork-Beard, and therefore aunt of that King Canute who could not command the tides. They have two red-headed daughters and two stalwart sons, with whose doings the book is also concerned.



—From jacket of "The Long Ships."

But Red Orm's fascinating domestic life, well set down though it is, does not form the principal theme of the novel, but rather its hero's adventures, which take him into virtually every place to which Vikings went except Wineland. He attempts, for example, to raid Spain and becomes prisoner of its famous Moorish ruler, Almansur. He is miraculously the guest of Irish monks on a rocky islet off the southwest coast of Erin. He confronts Ethelred the Unready in London. He boisterously celebrates the Yule in Denmark with King Harald Bluetooth. He is a farmer in the forest "border country" of south Sweden. He fights and floats down the Dnieper to find hidden Bulgar gold in what is now the Ukraine.

SO DOING he sees, and we see with him, a wide panorama of the life lived and the places visited by these high-spirited sea raiders. We know what it is like when two berserks fight for a lovely and not altogether unwilling lady. We share the emotions and the hopelessness of lashed galley slaves. We look with our own eyes upon the tall pointed hats of the Patzinak (actually Turkish) riders of the bare steppes. We laugh, but are not astonished, at the somewhat unusual method of persuasion with which the "Erin Masters" help Father Willibald convert Orm's neighbors to Christianity. We are enlightened by the novel treatment used by the old women of Poltosk to cure Olof Summerbird's wounds.

All this and many things more are packed into a book that is as filled with treasure as the chests fished by Orm's men out of the weirs on the mighty river near where Dneptroysk now stands. This reader did from time to time wonder if the men and women of Scandinavian heroic age actually spoke with quite the rapier-like Cabellian irony and understatement attributed to them by the Swedish author. But this irony and understatement add to the book's entertainment, and perhaps are not untrue to life.

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The Stout English

"The Feast of July," by H. E. Bates *(Little, Brown. 246 pp. $3.50), is the story of a girl named Bella who has a catalytic effect on a family she joins, and particularly the three brothers who belong to it.*

By Oliver LaFarge

ONE may roughly generalize that in the past English writing about the lower classes was from above downwards. Dickens, who knew and cared about his subjects, caricatured them or enlarged them to display them to their betters. H. G. Wells was perhaps the first writer of consequence to treat the lower classes from the inside. He was consciously, if not self-consciously, identified with them, but even he got up on an intellectual ladder to watch them, and shouted at the bourgeoisie to come and look.

Novels such as H. E. Bates's "The Feast of July" descend from Wells on the one hand, on the other from the Arcadian, localistic, rural tales with which British writing has always been beset. This one tells a forthright tale about a small number of working people who are seen as persons in their own right. The telling is without condescension and is kept always within the point of view, the frame, of the characters themselves.

If the British develop a school of this kind of writing about the unquaint poor, the extremely poor, it will differ markedly from the existing American school. It will resemble neither "Tobacco Road" nor "The Grapes of Wrath." We assume that poverty is not a sin, but a wrong, an offense upon its victims, and must lead to rootlessness, loss of self-respect, and instability if not to degradation. Perhaps in America this is true.

—G. Scott Bushe

H. E. Bates—"richly dramatic."

IF EXISTING British writing can be believed (and anyone who was in London during the Battle of Britain will be ready to believe it) the mass of the British poor retain the strong self-respect, the customs, the stability that are the strength of a nation. They may go hungry on occasion, but they mind both their manners and their morals, and no one can push them around. Hence writers do not condole with them or yearn over them. They tell about them, not without admiration, and if the telling will help towards the ultimate elimination of poverty so much the better.

The structure of this story is dramatic and effective. The central character, Bella, is a sympathetic and credibly unusual young woman who is projected into a family, the members of which are individuals in their own rights. She acts as a reagent to bring out their various characters. Particularly she affects the three brothers, each of whom loves her in his manner and according to his capabilities.

The story is full of hardships and is richly dramatic. It ends with melodrama and partial tragedy, arising out of Bella's commonplace past—commonplace in the eyes of others, but never commonplace to the protagonist, as the author skilfully makes clear. It is not, however, in the least depressing. One can read this book as a social study, as a plain novel, or as both, with satisfaction.

Notes on a Margin

By Doris Peel

HOT of heart
cold of mind—
this a goblin's
gift you'll find.

Happy he
gracely blessed—
with blaze in brain
ice in breast.

* * *

Bold the bloom
sprung from tomb,
and from pyre
bright the fire.

Out from sealed
sightliest yield:
proudest plumed—
he consumed.

Disenchanted Lives

"Moonscape and Other Stories," by Mika Waltari *(translated by Naomi Walford. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 310 pp. $3.50), brings together five short tales with modern settings by the Finnish writer best known to Americans as author of "The Egyptian."*

By James Kelly

IN "Moonscape," a collection of five contemporary stories, Mika Waltari moves with surprising (to this onlooker) agility from the ponderous splendor of "The Egyptian" and the panoplied derring-do of four other sixteenth-century historical novels. If Naomi Walford's translation captures the true quality of these Finnish originals one must conclude that Mr. Waltari's taproot is the same which fed Flaubert and Dickens. For here is the misanthropic idea, the unsparing portrayal of degeneracy, the morose exploration of human dilemmas from which there can be no escape. It's a black mood which sweeps the reader along by the cumulative effect of narrated details. And the principal protagonists of each story—always an evil woman pitted against a fumbling, childlike man—illustrate it with dark clarity. "People live their lives tied to work and knowledge and habit. . . . From childhood they spin threads round themselves and wrap themselves up more and more tightly until they're nothing but cocoons."

Mr. Waltari writes as a poet, exactly and feelingly, when he explores human motives. But it is poetry narrowed by a fixed point of view, hedged in by disillusion, with the warm colors ruthlessly pruned out. Cinderella claws her way up in the world, but there is no fairy prince waiting and not much of a view from the hilltop. As for the men who play opposite Cinderella: "Their secret wishes and desires were simple and gross, though each one of them fancied himself in some way remarkable and different from the rest." This is not the stuff of sweetness and light, but from it the author has fashioned stories with queer low-key power that keeps them in mind longer than many of the "after Chekhov" stories which reach the American market these days.

Of the five stories four are written in the first person and transcribe experiences that lead to disenchantment with life. Of these "Goldilocks" seems most vivid, perhaps because it manages a tour de force in its realistic chronicle of a girl who begins as

(*Continued on page* 36)

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PERSONAL HISTORY

The Loams of France

***"Madeleine — Young Wife," by Mrs. Robert Henrey** (E. P. Dutton. 380 pp. $4), continues the autobiography begun in "Little Madeleine" and continued in "Madeleine Grown Up." The present volume tells of her life as a young matron in wartime France and England.*

By Anne Fremantle

THERE has always been great satisfaction to be derived from reading about the same characters continuously. In Victorian days, there were the What Katy Did series and "Little Women" of course, leading eventually to "Jo's Boys." The 1950s have produced their own delightful, vivacious, and spontaneous "Little French Girl" in Mrs. Robert Henrey, wife of a very rich Englishman, and mother of an only child, the boy film star Robert Henrey. Her true-life account of her childhood in the Paris slums, where her gallant mother sewed for a precarious living, was real-life drama infinitely more enthralling than any soap-opera or television family saga packed with real tragedies, thrills, and excitements galore, the whole thoroughly seasoned with courage and compassion to a remarkable degree.

"Little Madeleine" the sensitive, perceptive, yet tough heroine of her own autobiography, grew up, as even the most enchanting children must, and married her prince, a truly Cinderella romance. *Jamais deux sans trois,* say the French, and so we have the third volume now, which brings us Mrs. Henrey's life to date.

She has succeeded in keeping the quality of her writing as high as ever it was; indeed, there is something of *expertise* in the way Mrs. Henrey produces books, a wholly feminine competence like that of a superb pastry cook, whose meringues or millefeuilles always "turn out" perfectly. It is almost exasperating, the way this amateur tosses off a volume, as she might an omelette or a dream hat, while most mortals pedestrianly sweat and strain.

Her third volume, "Madeleine—Young Wife," covers the years 1937 to 1953, and as the second volume detailed the author's girlhood romance, so this tells the love-story of her mature years. It falls conventionally as any novel into lover-meets-beloved, lover-loses-beloved, lover-regains-beloved; only the beloved is not a man, but a piece of land. With a baby on the way, Mrs. Henrey wanted a farm of her own. Yet "though I wanted this farm, when I found it, to be very much a place of my own, an assertion morally and financially, of a young wife's independence, I asked my husband to accompany me on my search." Also, once she is installed, her husband comes for visits and, luckily, was there to help her escape from the Germans in June 1940. Yet, at the book's end, when her husband has come from London to spend Christmas Day at the farm she writes: "I opened the garden gate and we went through. My son . . . cried out with joy at the sight of the Christmas tree" as though her husband shared as little in her son as in her farm.

But what a farm! Six acres of land, near Cabourg, only some ten miles across a bay from Le Havre and on them set "without rhyme or reason on the exact center of a field," a tiny sixteenth-century farmhouse. This "jeweled beauty," with two carved pillars of enormous weight, of Caen stone polished to a shine, bearing the date of their construction, 1555, was surrounded by rich orchards, and the black loam soil produced some of the best dairy pasture in France.

Mrs. Henrey is astonishingly good at delineating her neighbors. She makes an act of faith in the real presence of every single person she meets, whether it is a country lawyer, or a teen-age hobbledehoy, or a good-for-nothing drunk, or the suave owner of a great hotel. Nor do her eyes and ears ever fail her. Even when she is fleeing for her life she notices the intense coloring of St. Malo, and how "the sea and the sands flashed facets of blue and gold against the background of the stone battlements." And on a channel steamer, in instant danger of being torpedoed, she enjoys the British refugee children playing on the bullet-scarred decks. "You're the Jerry, I'm the Spitfire."

Mrs. Robert Henrey—"most grateful."

BUT she is at her best describing the Goguets, who lived in her house as tenants and for whom she built a farm. Their complex, ungrateful characters are well studied. Mrs. Henrey comments on the French peasant: "What really delights him is to get the better of his neighbor by some act of cunning which he fondly believes will never be noticed. It is a state of mind almost incomprehensible to townspeople. If he can cut down a tree to which he has no right, or spirit away a pile of bricks which does not belong to him, he is happy all the day long." Yet, while aware of such vices, Mrs. Henrey clearly sees also the virtues, the tenacity, the feeling for the soil, for the stock, for the family, even, in a few cases, for the country.

When the Germans ultimately came, and Mrs. Henrey fled to England with her husband and son, leaving behind her aged mother, her house was looted. All the quantities of stores she had accumulated, the child's clothes, her crib, her Aga cooker, her own dresses and furs, everything was stolen. Yet nothing by the Germans. They did not take a thing, were scrupulously respectful of enemy property. It was the Goguets who stole all, and then informed on each other, and collaborated madly with the Germans as well. And everyone else in the neighborhood, or indeed in Paris as well, at least in Mrs. Henrey's mother's circle, tried hard to live as though conditions were uncomfortable, but not really bad. Except for a snatch from a Louis Aragon poem, Mrs. Henrey gives no hint that the French really disliked the Occupation, or even were particularly glad to be liberated. But when she and her heroic mother returned they proved their love for their farm by "bearing all things, believing all things," and forgiving all things, and have certainly earned their place on the soil by hard work and true neighborliness.

Mrs. Henrey ends with an invocation: "Oh, these little farmhouses, hidden among the apple trees, are they not too lovely for words?" We must take her word for it that they are but we are most grateful for the words with which she shares her love for them, and especially for her own.

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Subtle Victorian Scene

"A Blessed Girl," by Lady Emily Lutyens *(J. B. Lippincott. 340 pp. $4), presents the correspondence of a very young Victorian lady with a charming clergyman fifty-eight years her senior.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

LADY A.: But I believe Botany is very improper when you go in for it thoroughly?

Betty: It is just the fun of it. Emily tells us such amazing things about the sexes of the plants. All sciences are improper when you go in for them thoroughly . . .

Lady A.: I do not think there would be anything improper about Geology.

This conversation, which took place in 1893, is one of the few passages from Lady Emily Lutyens's "A Blessed Girl: Memoirs of a Victorian Girlhood" that has "Victorianism" stamped all over it. There are others, such as a description of an evening in 1892 spent at "the most exciting game that ever was invented, called Tiddleywinks."

Generally, however, Victorianism as conveyed by Lady Emily's memoirs is a subtlety of atmosphere and phrase; it is the very mood and texture of these letters, written between the years 1887 and 1896, by a young English girl, Lady Emily Lytton, to the Reverend Whitwell Elwin of Booton Rectory, Norfolk. If the letters are rarely quaint, that is perhaps because Victorianism, like adolescence, didn't seem funny at the time. The reader who picks up "A Blessed Girl" hoping for something gay and nostalgic on the order of "Period Piece" will be disappointed, but the social historian, the connoisseur of the contemporary account, be it letter or diary or yellowed clipping—such a reader will find a painful fascination in eavesdropping on the life and thoughts of Emily Lytton, who lived sixty years ago, and was desperately unhappy, and could not stop gnawing her fingers even when warned that a medical correspondent at a post-mortem had observed "the entire coating of the stomach bristling with bits of finger-nails."

On the surface, "A Blessed Girl" curiously resembles that favorite novel of late-eighteenth-century England, Fanny Burney's "Evelina, or the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World." Like Evelina, Emily was miserably shy in society and spent most of her time (a) paying visits and (b) writing long descriptions of her visits to an elderly clergyman whom she adored. Both girls wound up in the last reel married to exemplary young men, but not until they had kept their venerable friends on tenterhooks for some time in the fear that they would be seduced, in their youth and innocence, by unprincipled rascals.

Evelina, being fictional, repulsed with scorn the advances of Sir Clement Willoughby. Emily, on the other hand, was far too human not to enjoy the admiration of the distinguished poet and explorer Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. He was a man of great charm and good looks. That he was also married, the father of her best friend, and fifty-three years old to her eighteen did not lessen the flattery and excitement of his covert pursuit. As Lady Emily remarks in the commentary that accompanies her letters, her "darling Rev," that faithful correspondent at Booton Rectory "must have got very weary of the subject of Blunt," and indeed a modern reader will be inclined to find Emily's three-year struggle with temptation and incessant moralizing a little tedious.

THE relationship of Elwin and his "Blessed Girl" is difficult to understand today. Why should a thirteen-year-old have conceived a passionate friendship for a benign old gentleman fifty-eight years her senior? He is "the dearest, wisest, best person that ever lived." His affection is her "only treasure," and at the mere thought of seeing him her happiness is so great that the world will hardly contain it. Her sister Betty has to reprove her for holding hands with him in public. Lady Emily's explanation is that Elwin "had a genius for friendship, especially with members of the opposite sex," but the answer seems to lie also in her own need and loneliness, in what she poignantly described at fifteen as "that longing for someone to love me." Victorian family life, so cozy in retrospect, has a bleak, nagging look seen through the eyes of this badgered teen-ager.

Interest in Lady Emily's narrative will be increased by some knowledge of her family background. Her grandfather was Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, the child of an unhappy marriage whose own spectacularly unhappy marriage to the beautiful Rosina Wheeler had been a nineteenth-century scandal. Emily, judging by her picture at thirteen, strongly resembled her grandfather. She had his shy arrogance also, and his tendency to melancholia. Her aunt Emily, for whom she was named, had been hated and neglected by her mother (Rosina), and Emily Lytton as a girl brooded on the little she knew of her aunt's story, and hoped that she too would die young. What a blessing that all this morbid heritage of gloom and cruelty should have lost its power at last, for the Blessed Girl, in the uncomplicated love of young Ned Lutyens! Students of Victorianism owe thanks to Lady Emily's American son-in-law, the author and editor Herbert Agar, for his role in encouraging the publication of this authentic souvenir of our recent past.

—*By Edward Clifford, from "A Blessed Girl."*

Emily, Con, and Betty Lytton—". . . that longing for someone to love me."

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People of the Book

SOMETIME this month three hundred years ago twenty-three refugee Jews landed in Nieuw Amsterdam, then only thirty years old and not yet New York. They had been living in Brazil, then a Dutch colony, and when the Portuguese recaptured Pernambuco, the principal Dutch city, the Jews of Brazil began to disperse, a familiar Jewish tale. The historic twenty-three were taken by a pirate ship, which in turn was captured by a French vessel. It was on the French ship that the Jews came to Peter Stuyvesant's Nieuw Amsterdam.

That was the beginning of Jewish settlement in North America. During the coming year the American-Jewish community, guided by the American Jewish Tercentenary Committee, will celebrate the event, using as a theme "Man's opportunities and responsibilities under freedom." The Committee enjoys the support and cooperation of every major—and hundreds of minor—Jewish organizations in the United States. The calendar of events is varied and impressive, running from August 22 of this year, with opening ceremonies at Touro Synagogue, Newport, R.I., the only Jewish national shrine, to May 29, 1955. Hundreds of outstanding Jewish leaders throughout America are participating in the work of the Tercentenary Committee, which is headed by Ralph E. Samuel of New York.

Dozens of American cities and towns are setting aside special days of prayer for the celebration of 300 years of Jewish settlement in America. Exhibits, pageants, public meetings, radio and television shows, dinners and banquets, conferences and institutes and conventions will utilize the Tercentenary as their theme.

But as befits the People of the Book, much of the Tercentenary will focus on the publication of volumes devoted to American Jewish history. The most ambitious project is a ten-volume documentary history of the Jews of the United States, under the overall editorship of Professor Salo Baron of Columbia University, who heads the Tercentenary's Committee on Research and Publication. No publisher has yet been selected for this vast undertaking.

Naturally, the emphasis is on the past, and many Jews in cities and states throughout the country have established funds for local city and state histories stressing the Jewish contribution to those cities and states. Chicago, Buffalo, Trenton, and Rochester are only a few of these cities, while Georgia, California, Florida, and North Carolina are some of the states which will publish such studies.

THE Jewish Encyclopedia Handbooks, publishers of "The Jewish People: Past and Present," are preparing a special volume devoted to three hundred years of Jewish life in the United States. Two outstanding historians, Oscar Handlin, Pulitzer Prize winner for American history, and Rufus Learsi, have published volumes on the Jewish contribution to this democracy. Many Jewish publishers are preparing to add histories to their lists: Bloch has announced a juvenile by Elma E. Levinger; the Union of American Hebrew Congregations has listed some half-dozen volumes; the Jewish Publication Society will issue "Travel and Adventure in the Far West," by Samuel N. Carvalho, who was General John Fremont's photographer on the Pathmarker's Far Western trip in 1853.

There are other interesting forthcoming titles. Louis Zara's "Blessed Is the Land," coming from Crown, is the only novel of the lot, while Judd L. Teller's "Scapegoat of Revolution," a Scribner title, is a study of Jewish life in Protestant countries, with special emphasis on the United States. One of the most intriguing books issued for the Tercentenary is Bernard Postal's and Lionel Koppman's "A Jewish Tourist Guide to the United States," published by the Jewish Publication Society.

Obviously, the American Jew, like his ancestor, continues to live by and through the Book.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

Oscar Handlin—"adjustment."

Two Histories

"The Jews in America: A History," by Rufus Learsi *(World Publishing Co. 382 pp. $6) and* ***"Adventure in Freedom," by Oscar Handlin*** *(McGraw-Hill. 282 pp. $3.75), are both histories of American Jewry, published to coincide with the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the first Jews in North America. Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of Brandeis University, who reviews them below, is the author of "The American Jew" and other books.*

By Ludwig Lewisohn

THE celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of Jewish settlement in America having been decided upon, it was inevitable that histories of American Jewry be written. It was inevitable, too, that precisely these two histories be written: Rufus Learsi's "The Jews in America," an authentic, thoughtful, learned account of outer happening and inner development, and Oscar Handlin's antiquated, propitiatory "Adventure in Freedom." Mr. Learsi stands sturdily upon the ground of reality; Mr. Handlin moves about in a long-perished and even at its liveliest, most unattractive and humiliating dream.

American Jewish history has an outer pattern which is discernible at a glance: the early trickle of so-called Spanish Jews with their specific rites and customs; the larger waves of immigration from Central Europe, the German *Yehudim*; the mass-movements under the sting of oppression and pogrom from Russia and Rumania, which set in in the early Eighties of the ninteenth cen-

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tury and was ended by the immigration laws of 1924. The inner history of American Jewry is the history of the stresses and strains among these elements and their gradual amalgamation under the impact of common experience into a community.

In telling this history Mr. Learsi strikes the right guiding note at once: "To survive in a non-Jewish civilization a Jewish community must have the right to be 'different,' and that right is more likely to be honored in a political democracy." Such, of course, is the preciousness of freedom that men can be what they were meant to be; such was the beneficent opportunity which America offered to the Jewish people.

This story, according to its outer occurrences and its inner developments, Mr. Learsi tells in a lively and engaging style; he tells it with fulness and accuracy. He ends with the inevitable conclusion that the future of American Jewry, like the future of all Jewries everywhere, will be high and fruitful in the precise measure in which Jews are obedient to their character and destiny through the sanctions of their history and faith. No better book than Mr. Learsi's has been written on American Jewish history nor is any likely to be written.

MR. HANDLIN's "Adventure in Freedom" is not easy to deal with in 1954. To him freedom for the Jew means generally freedom not to be a Jew or freedom to be as little of a Jew as possible—freedom, in the last analysis, to disappear. "Here," he writes, "no man was a Jew because he had to be." Since all Jews are born as such and live as such and die as such and since the only choice open to any Jew is the choice between emptiness and mimicry and servility on the one hand and Jewish learning and fulness and piety on the other, the temper of Mr. Handlin's book is easily discernible from this single sentence. Throughout he minimizes Jewish character, Jewish differentness, Jewish destiny. According to him the divine ordinances are "a yoke thrust on from without" and their "laws and customs" ghetto "walls," and Jewish accommodation to American life meant "radically to revise their own conceptions of themselves and of the nature of their culture." Oddly enough, considering his title and his apparent temper, he rejoices in every manifestation of unfreedom. Adjustment is his motto and undifferentiation his ideal—the melting-pot, the sand-heap, the unfeatured crowd. He mentions scarcely a single Jew who has worked creatively within American civilization, neither Maurice Samuel nor the late Milton Steinberg, neither Abram Heschel nor the Zionist leaders. He delights in Hank Greenberg and Macy's.

It is no wonder, then, that he blankly omits all the salient facts and achievements of American Jewry. He omits to mention the 200 Hillel foundations at American colleges; he omits the growth of Jewish education at its most authentic and heroic from seventeen Law and Tradition (*Torah umesorah*) schools in 1935 to 156 in 1953. He neglects to describe the growth of the Young Israel movement and that great renaissance which marked the sweep of American Zionism, until at the World Congress of 1946 one-half of all voters (in excess of 1,000,000) were American voters. By the same token he fails to mention the *facts* of the religious intensification of life after Zionism had reached its peak and its political fulfilment in the State of Israel.

You would never know from Mr. Handlin that within the last decade Reform Congregations had increased from 300 to 461, Conservative Congregations from 265 to 473, and that the number of Orthodox Congregations has reached 3,000. Nor would you learn from his pages anything concerning the eminent Yiddish poets that have flourished in America or of the small distinguished body of Hebrew literature created here. Nor would you learn—for his prejudices include every *Jewish* effort—that there are 100,000 Jewish farmers in the United States today with 20,000 farm units. But you will find in his pages almost incredible sentences such as that "in the movies of John Garfield, in the novels of Saul Bellow, and in the language of the comic strips a much wider audience began to catch glimpses of what Jews were."

Jews, the People of the Book, the people with the longest history of literacy in the world, are to be observed in their true character not in Jewish Center or at study or at prayer but in the "comic strips." Where could Mr. Handlin have lived? With what Jews? Why, since everything authentically Jewish is alien to him, should he have written this book? He is psychically the descendant of a perishing type—the German, French, Austrian citizen of the Jewish faith. (*Deutscher Staatsbueger Mosaischer Konfession.*) It was the mark of these unhappy people that they sought to differentiate themselves exclusively by a religion which they either did not know or despised. Does Mr. Handlin not know—whether he likes it or not—that the Jewish religion consists in the conviction of divine election and the consequent duty to sanctify all the acts of life? He does not like it. Very well. But to slant history according to a dislike is hardly sound or scholarly practice.

Unloving Son

"Dearest Father," by Franz Kafka, with notes edited by Max Brod *(translated by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins. Schocken Books-Noonday Press. 409 pp. $5), contains the much-discussed but until now never-published letter the great Czech Jewish author wrote but never sent to his unsympathetic parent, along with diary entries, notes, and other miscellaneous Kafkaniana. Here it is reviewed by Charles Neider, author of "Kafka: His Mind and Art."*

By Charles Neider

"DEAREST FATHER" is not, as the title might indicate, devoted entirely to Franz Kafka's ruminations on his relations with his—what we have been led to believe—repulsive father. It contains brief drafts of the beginning of an early and unimportant novel; reflections, in the form of aphorisms, on "sin, suffering, hope, and the true way" (the description of Max Brod, the editor); eight octavo notebooks, containing meditations, bits of diary entries, beginnings or samplings of stories; fragments from notebooks and loose pages, interesting and worth having on the record, but hardly important; and a few paralipomena to the series of aphorisms called "He."

The full text of his long-awaited "Letter to His Father," parts of which have been published over the years, occupies only fifty-nine pages out of a total of 392 Kafka pages. And yet these alone would justify the publication of the present volume.

It is a curious letter, written in

(*Continued on page* 31)

Kafka—"sin, suffering, hope."

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The Balance-Wheel of Memory

AS THE schools and colleges of the nation open their doors to the incoming students one of the intangibles of education—that elusive thing that is not factual knowledge or technical training or even general culture but rather an emanation of all which gives point and purpose to human existence—again presents its challenge. Never was the need greater than at present to make the process of learning an introduction to the art of living. Never was it more essential than in this age of turmoil to equip youth with balance and understanding.

In a witty article, written some time ago and entitled "The Art of Balancing Time," Charles Poore, book columnist of *The New York Times*, remarks, "Time can be used more than once. . . . particularly through memory." And, indeed, it is among the consolations of man in a distraught world that this should be so, for it renders him to a degree independent of the pressure of problems and possible catastrophe which conscript his thought in an age which is out of joint. It is not well, to be sure, to be a daydreamer, to walk with one's head in the clouds in a universe bristling with hard realities—that is the way of the escapist and is not the way to usefulness or happiness. But to have a reservoir of memories, collective or individual, to fall back upon when disaster menaces is to be fortified against despair. As Mr. Poore says, to be buttressed against defeatism. Both public and private health depend upon the resilience of mind that can see the present against the background of the past and projected against the future, and which can believe that time itself inoculates against despair. As Mr. Poore says, "The balancing of time is inseparable from the art of living."

For the past four decades the world has withstood a series of shocks the incidence of which perhaps has fallen more heavily upon the young than upon their elders. For the young have not been supported as were the older generations by memories of a time when the world seemed set for Utopia, but have lived precariously and dangerously in a period of turbulence the end of which seemed destruction. Their elders, even in the midst of a crashing world, could in recollection set back the clock of time to an era of hope and confidence, to an America triumphantly advancing from achievement to achievement, and free of fear, domestic or international. Theirs was the precious heritage of an experience which emboldened belief in the future. Time, in revealing to them the past, seemed to insure that what once had been might again be possible. Not so could their children feel.

THERE is, however, an unquenchable instinct of human nature which makes mankind incapable of conceiving of its own extinction, and which as a result impels it to carry on a more—or—less normal routine even on the brink of what may be dissolution. And there is, too, in most men an insatiable curiosity toward life and living, not the vulgar curiosity that is mere inquisitiveness, but the curiosity which means a perennial interest in the ways of the universe and the fate of man, in the process of being and becoming as reflected in the mirror of time. It is these instincts of human nature which a wise educational system will strive to develop. For to live in the moment may be wise counsel in crisis, but so to live is no program for long-time survival. To instil into the young, and so to make an article of faith for all ages, a knowledge of the past is to equip them with a springboard to resolution and courage for the future, to imbue them with a sense of the value of patience and balance. Time—it is a commonplace—is a solvent of many ills, and time, as Mr. Poore says, "can be used more than once. . . . particularly through memory." As the individual looking back on his past can derive wisdom and solace from events as they unfold in memory, so the national consciousness, reviewing the pitfalls and successes of the country's history, can derive from the retrospect both guidance and determination. But as a complement to interest in the past must be curiosity as to the present and the future. The more that time can be extended both backward and forward the more will events fall into perspective. The present is merely a moment of time. If nothing else, man's curiosity as to how the moment may seem in the long panorama of the ages should stiffen his resolution to leave no means exhausted to extend the present into the future.

—A. L.

To an Almost Ultimate Weapon

By Delmer T. Israel

IT WAS not I or mine that set
the date
When we must hunt each other
through the sky,
Over the anguish where the millions
die
Untended and unmourned.
Few will weep long for them.
Even the poisoned dust
Will be far kinder than the guttered
years
When the freeways are vacant
And the bridges rust.

It was not I that made
The cobalt shell and lit the deutron
torch.
Not mine the triumph when the
cities scorch.
Not I nor many of the lost
Will have that guilt upon his soul.
Death is our destiny
But it was not
Our goal.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"MAMIE GENEVA DOUD"

TO PARAPHRASE YOUR BOOK REVIEWER, Jack H. Pollock, perhaps it is a commentary on the viewing habits of *book reviewers* not to know about the wives of Presidents.

In Pollock's mention of Groucho Marx's program in the review of the two books on Mamie Eisenhower ("Mamie Doud Eisenhower," by Dorothy Brandon, and "Red Carpet for Mamie," by Alden Hatch, *SR* Aug. 7), Pollock committed some sins of error. On the program the question was not, "Who was Mary Geneva Doud?" It was "Who was Mary Genevieve Doud?" As for my being described as a "screenwriter" by Pollock, the Screen Writers' Guild has every right to sue him: it is true I have written movie scripts in the long ago, but I am now a dubious novelist and article writer. Finally, the whole question as Marx propounded it on the program was wrong. Mamie's right name is "Mamie Geneva Doud," not "Mary Genevieve Doud." As a result, all four contestants will have another shot at the $3,000 jackpot.

I am sure that if Pollock had been asked the question, he would have answered: "Mary Genevieve Doud is the wife of President Eisenhower"—but I doubt if he would have been right.

RICHARD G. HUBLER.

Ojai, Calif.

FAULKNER'S PROSE

In his editorial "The Novelist's Dread of Finality" [*SR* Aug. 14] Mr. Cousins, while pointing out that some writers are loath to finish books, might also have observed that other writers are loath to finish even sentences.

While I'm familiar with the routine arguments about "continuums," etc., I can read the current Faulkner only with the mounting conviction that what Clifton Fadiman once called "the Non-Stop or Life Sentence" was not only (again in the words of Mr. Fadiman) a fixture in "what may be called Anti-Narrative, a set of complex devices used to keep the story from being told," but also, more precisely, plain self-indulgence.

I've been an admirer of Faulkner's for years, but have been unable to view with pleasure his increasing penchant for treating as an asset what is, rather too clearly, a liability and refusing to do the decent thing by ending a sentence somewhat prior to exhausting all possible participial phrases, conditional clauses, and the reader's patience. The cogent reason for the periodlessness, in "Ulysses," of Molly Bloom's syntax can, it strikes me, find no suitable or convincing counterpart in the Faulkner prose. In "A Fable," as in so much of Faulkner that has preceded it, this kind of writing is a triumph less of a Great Style than of an unwillingness, once it's been planted, to go back and weed the garden. I suspect that future historians and critics, less intimidated than many present reviewers, may come to the same conclusion. "The Sound and the Fury," "As I Lay Dying," and "Light in August" all managed to be superb pieces of writing without that terminal-less express-line stringing-out for which there is no structural, stylistic, or conceptual reason.

JOHN HASTINGS.

New York, N. Y.

"THE CASE OF MRS. SURRATT"

I READ RECENTLY the interesting "Epilogue to Ford's Theatre," a review of Guy W. Moore's "The Case of Mrs. Surratt," reviewed by Earl Schenck Miers [*SR* July 10]. As a result of statements made by Mr. Moore, the reader of this review is left with the idea that Judge Holt may not have presented to President Johnson the petition for clemency for Mrs. Surratt.

Actually Holt cleared himself of this charge by publishing before he died certain correspondence between himself and Hon. James Speed, a member of President Johnson's Cabinet. Speed was present and saw Holt deliver the petition to Johnson. Though he declined to make a public declaration to this effect, on the ground that what took place between President Johnson and a member of his Cabinet was confidential, he never denied it, and prior to his death went as far as he believed he properly could to clear Holt's name in an address delivered May 4, 1887 before the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion. After Speed's death the correspondence in which Holt had begged that Speed tell the facts, and Speed had declined for the reason above mentioned, was published in *The North American Review* (Vol. CXLVII, p. 83). This correspondence and the important added contribution of John Speed, son of James, appearing at page 314 of the same volume, leave no doubt that the petition for clemency was presented.

However, there is other convincing evidence to this effect in the form of an exchange of letters between Holt and John Mason Brown (a distinguished Kentuckian with whom Speed had discussed the whole affair at length) in my possession. The foregoing does not exhaust the evidence that Holt did present the petition to President Johnson, and I stand ready to make the evidence in my possession available to any interested persons. Judge Holt, for whom I was named, was my great-great uncle. The John Mason Brown mentioned was, I understand, an ancestor of your contributing editor. It happens that your Mr. Brown had occasion to read this correspondence some time ago, and so has a partial familiarity with these matters—this refers only to the Holt-Brown correspondence.

JOSEPH HOLT ROSE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Promise of Felicity

THE term "musical comedy" has been applied to a broad variety of song-and-dance entertainment from the nineteenth-century extravaganza to the high-voltage modern musical with its social significance, its choreography, and its souped-up pace. Yet "musical comedy" in its most comfortable connotation will always best stand for the airy easygoing thing it was in the Twenties. The best description of this absurd and captivating theatre was probably written by Scott Fitzgerald, who was able to recognize its absurdity, and at the same time submit to captivation. In his short story "The Freshest Boy" he sums it up with, "Act I . . . It was too bright and blinding to comprehend all at once . . . The girl-the man. What kept them apart even now? . . . Couldn't they look into each other's eyes and see? . . . Act II . . . The high life of New York. Who could blame her if she was carried away by the glitter of it all? . . . Her true love brought her roses like herself and she threw them scornfully at his feet. She laughed and turned to the other, and danced—danced madly, wildly. Act III . . . Everything was going to be all right after all. The comedian was at his best now, with the glad appropriateness of laughter after tears, and theirs was the promise of felicity in the bright tropical sky."

Last year in London some young people set about dreaming up a new musical comedy called "The Boy Friend," which would capture the essence of this sort of entertainment. The senior member of this group was its director, Vida Hope, who was a flapper of eight in 1926, the year in which "The Boy Friend" is set. Its young composer and author, Sandy Wilson, confesses that his knowledge of the period is supplied through old sheet-music and a few very bad touring show performances of such vintage musical comedies as "No, No, Nanette," "The Girl Friend," and "Sally."

"When I finished writing 'The Boy Friend' the story seemed so ridiculous I felt ashamed to show it to anyone," says Mr. Wilson. "But they understood that it had to be that way."

Some of the Twentyish features that he included were the three-act format with the misunderstanding between the boy and the girl coming at the end of Act II; the masked-ball third act which not only created a gala atmosphere in which the heroine could always make a belated entrance in a sensational dress, but which also permitted the illogical intrusion of a specialty dancing act imported from the Continent; the use of the soubrette, a character who stood halfway between the heroine (pretty but never funny) and the comedienne (funny but not necessarily pretty); the introduction of a subplot between a Frenchwoman and a self-made millionaire from Australia who meet after a separation of twenty years and fall in love all over again. The music itself attempted to distill the flavor of well-known show tunes. "Fancy Forgetting" sought to resemble the Irving Berlin type of waltz, like "Always." "Just a Little Room in Bloomsbury" strove to recall "Blue Room" and "A Room with a View."

After Mr. Wilson had turned in his script Vida Hope and dance director John Heawood went to work, and with the aid of some rare old issues of a magazine called *The Play Pictorial* set out to produce "The Boy Friend" at the Players' Club Theatre, a small cabaret theatre off the Strand. From studying the pictures in this magazine, Miss Hope came to learn that Twenties' girls had a very distinctive posture compared to those of other decades. "The girl stood with her shoulders rounded, her bosom flattened, and her stomach pushed in. Once we found that," said she, "all the other details such as the clasped hands and the tilting of the head against them looked right."

For perfect period style the actors had to unlearn all that they had previously acquired in the way of good musical-comedy technique. For instance, instead of slipping into a song so cleverly that no one realizes it is happening, the performers in "The Boy Friend" got a deliberate song cue, waited four bars while the lights did a sudden switch from bright amber to midnight blue, and went into the song with a feeling of "This Is My Number."

From the Players' Club Theatre "The Boy Friend" was completely remounted and moved into Wyndham's at a cost of $7,000 (the New York production will cost twenty times that figure). At Wyndham's it has become the most sensationally successful musical-comedy in the history of the English stage. "The secret in London," continued Miss Hope, "is that they come to laugh, but get caught up in this ridiculous story and find themselves crying. But they can pretend it is because they are laughing."

Another secret of the show's success is that it has no stars, and its producers maintain that one well-known face would have thrown the whole feeling of period out the window. As a result, most of the performers in "The Boy Friend" are very young (the average age is estimated at twenty). Miss Hope, who at moments reminds one of a young version of the old woman who lived in the shoe, addresses them as "children."

EQUITY rules have required that 60 per cent of the Broadway cast be American. In America, the birthplace of the modern musical, there will be more for Americans to unlearn than there was for the original English cast. At the first rehearsal the American contingent had a kind of bellowing virility that clashed sharply with the mellower and more artificial delivery of the imported performers. Likewise, the orchestrations are being made by an American, who will also have to learn that the slam-bang or the semi-symphonic approach which is the aim of modern musicals is completely antithetical to "The Boy Friend," where lighthearted intimate singing and music with a kind of crazy imperfection is essential. Fortunately, Feuer and Martin have made a film of the London production, to which the Americans can constantly refer.

Whether or not the audiences here will understand that "The Boy Friend" is a reproduction and not a burlesque of the old-fashioned musical comedy is a question to be determined. They have in England, but Miss Hope points out that London audiences tend to be homier, less sophisticated, and more sentimental than New York ones. Also, she adds, they laugh when a character says "How ripping!" because they know that Englishmen do not talk that way anymore. Americans may laugh because they think it a true British trait, in the same way that Britishers think a man who chews gum and says "Gee!" is a typical American. Happily, the producers have discovered a sure-fire test which will tell them which way the wind is blowing on opening night. "If the girls' first entrance is greeted with a shout of laughter and perhaps a little applause this will mean the audience understands what we are trying to do, and we will know that the show is going to go well." Between now and September 30 Miss Hope, who has a lover's passion for "The Boy Friend," is determined to make the New York production every bit the masterpiece that the London one is. As she told her cast, "The dialogue is fatuous beyond belief, but if I catch any of you kidding it I'll beat you to death."

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The British Are Coming!

ALTHOUGH British films have long enjoyed a proper and profitable prestige in this country, we have rarely had the opportunity to look closely at a whole group of them at one time. At the moment, with four new ones showing in the New York art houses, we can appreciate what interesting and variegated work they are doing. One was shot by an English company working in Nova Scotia. The second is an Ealing comedy made in Scotland with an American star. The third, produced for an American company, was made largely in France. And the last one is really a French film shot in London with a part French-part English cast and crew. Despite serious financial difficulties at home, the British studios continue to show a brave face to the world.

One thing that the British do superlatively well, for example, is stories about children. The kids in English pictures can become extremely dramatic without giving the feeling that they have spent the last six months with an elocution teacher; and they can be terribly funny without being "cute." In **"The Little Kidnappers"** (United Artists) Master Jon Whiteley, whose age is given as eight, and Vincent Winter, five, proceed to prove both these points. The result is one of the warmest films of the year. Some of the adults around them may become excessively agitated, even theatrical, but never the children. They remain winning, naive, and childlike. And since the whole film revolves about their emotions the picture profits enormously thereby.

Its setting is Nova Scotia shortly after the turn of the century. The two boys, orphaned when their father is killed in the Boer War, go to live with their grandfather, a dour old Scotsman. He is hard because his land is hard, and bitter because his son is dead. In his bitterness he carries on a running feud with his Dutch neighbors, including the elderly doctor who would like to woo his daughter. It is scarcely the ideal home for two sensitive, high-spirited, inquisitive youngsters, but they make only one request. They would like a dog for a pet. The grandfather won't hear of it. Another mouth to feed! Besides, he points out, "You can't eat dog." And so, soon after, when they come upon an untended baby, they adopt *it* for a pet, keeping it hidden for fear that grandfather might decide to "eat babby." Before long, of course, the entire countryside is up in arms, searching out the kidnappers of the missing child.

Although the film goes on to explore the grandfather's relation, and eventual reconciliation, with his community, director Philip Leacock has sensibly kept his cameras on the children as much as possible. At times their activities have a pleasantly improvised air, like when the smaller tot is whistling to amuse the "babby." Sometimes their action seems to have been caught on the fly, as in last year's "Little Fugitive." But even when they are patently working from a script—their heated discussion over whether to call the baby "Edward" or "Rover," for example—the children handle themselves with a directness and simplicity that many of their elders might well envy. Indeed, it is only when the script turns its attention to the adults exclusively that the film becomes a bit too sentimental, a bit too melodramatic. At those moments the great airy expanses of Nova Scotia's rugged fields and forests seem more than ordinarily rewarding.

* * *

"High and Dry" (Universal-International) is a far more conventional type of British film, the kind of locale comedy for which Michael Balcon's Ealing Studio has become justifiably famous. It is more than coincidence that the men who direct these pictures have invariably had experience in the remarkable school of British documentary production. No small part of their success in comedy stems from their method of building up a sense of *milieu* through a documentary kind of reportage before they throw the switch and play it for laughs. The laughs come once the backgrounds have been established and the eccentricities of the principals begin to emerge against them. It is a formula that has worked admirably in the past. It still works in "High and Dry," Alexander Mackendrick's latest film; but there are evidences here of strain, of striving for effect, of leaning upon his own earlier "Tight Little Island."

Scotland's "puffer boats," tiny cargo vessels, furnish the background for this one. The *Maggie* is ancient, decrepit, and operated by a cantankerous skipper who wangles a cargo under false—and decidedly humorous

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—pretenses. The cargo belongs to a high-pressure American businessman (Paul Douglas) who can't understand how it got on *Maggie* in the first place, but is so determined to see it doesn't stay there that he goes aboard the ship himself. Most of the film is concerned with the wily Scot's successful efforts to frustrate the American, and much of it is ingenious and amusing—*Maggie* getting hung up on the Glasgow subway, the skipper contriving to have Douglas's very respectable agent arrested for poaching, his canny outguessing of Douglas at every turn. Even so, the joke begins to wear thin too long before the picture is over, while an unforgivable bit of sentimentality is introduced to bring it all to a happy ending. The Scottish characters—including another of Britain's incredible child actors, young Tommy Kearins—are robust and hearty, developed in a sort of affectionate caricature. Paul Douglas, on the other hand, holds his performance to a single note of strident, aggressive impatience and seems decidedly out of place in the film, a final bit of calculation to spark the familiar Ealing comedy with an American marquee lure.

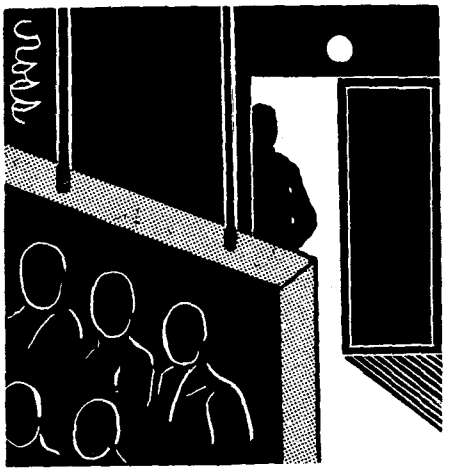
* * *

Although Columbia Pictures is responsible for the production of Alec Guinness's latest film, **"The Detective,"** it nevertheless emerges as a thoroughly British effort, directed by Robert Hamer (who also directed Guinness in his first big hit, "Kind Hearts and Coronets"), and featuring an all-British cast that includes Joan Greenwood, Peter Finch, Cecil Parker, and the infallible Ernest Thesiger. "The Detective" is based, rather loosely, on G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown stories. While Guinness is thoroughly delightful in the role, frizzing his hair, blinking his eyes, and smiling a bland, moonfaced smile, the script is somewhat less successful in providing him with the wit and shrewd insight of Chesterton's character. The star is often reduced to something close to mugging in his efforts to sustain the characterization. Even if this isn't quite top-drawer Guinness, however, it still provides fine opportunity to watch the master at work. At one point in the film Father Brown, explaining his detective methods, confides, "I try to get so far inside a man that I can move his arms, his legs, his mind." The words are equally apt as a description of the art of Alec Guinness.

The mystery itself, a strangely old-fashioned affair, has Father Brown in pursuit of an arch-criminal with a chameleon's talent for disguise. The chase leads across France, through Paris and on into the lovely chateau country as the priest tries to outwit the police and reach the criminal's soul before they can incarcerate his body. Hamer has a score of neatly-observed little scenes that keep his picture fresh and humorous (like the one in which a harassed Paris stationmaster shoos a flock of priests aboard a departing train with patronizing impatience), and Georges Auric has provided a lively and diverting score. But the story has played itself out long before the final titles appear.

* * *

"That Frenchman!" lays claim to a distinction of sorts as the first French film ever to have been made in London. Known in England as "Knave of Hearts" and in France as simply "Monsieur Ripois," it comes to this country on a wave of European critical approbation which I neither wholly understand nor share. True, the film does convey something of the loneliness, the lostness of a stranger in a big city. True, there are several penetrating performances—notably, Joan Greenwood's lower middle-class romantic and Germaine Montero's amiable French prostitute. But this story of a seedy Don Juan (the identification is underlined by quotations from Mozart's score for "Don Giovanni") would seem to depend for its ultimate success upon the charm and appeal of the hero himself. Gerard Philipe makes him a self-satisfied, self-pitying, self-centered lecher. And the director, Rene Clement, confirms his lechery with a final bit of tasteless irony. Nowhere is there sufficient insight into the character to make him understandable, never is there sufficient charm in Philipe's performance to make his numerous conquests credible. "That Frenchman!" is facile filmmaking, but cold, heartless, and dispiriting. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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Verse

Continued from page 13

so usual in Longfellow, or dotted with the sudden whirlpools of non-existent words, coined to make a rhyme, that are so often found in Cummins.

Having chosen a rhymed form, the translator must also avoid the pitfalls of repeating the same rhymes too often and too soon. Here Mr. Ciardi has slipped several times. But on the whole this is a conscientious and successful translation, which, let us hope, will be followed in due course by the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso."

Notes

TIME OF GRIEF: The therapeutic value of finding an expression for grief is well known. Poets and writers particularly, in the midst of anguish, grope instinctively for the word or phrase which is the symbol of that anguish, and by the very process of defining it achieve some measure of solace. Faith Baldwin's new volume of poems (her second after a lapse of thirty years and some sixty-two novels) testifies to this desperate remedy. **"Widow's Walk"** (Rinehart $2.50) is a collection of seventy sonnets and lyrics, written during the summer of 1953 after the death of the author's husband, a tragedy which shattered her emotionally and spiritually. She says, regarding this period of frantic, compulsive industry:

> All these are words I never thought to write
> For therapy; unmemorable; a few
> Could read, and comprehend why, late at night
> Or sunrise early, I am driven through
> The desert of my thoughts to seek a phrase
> And set it down, and write it out, to drain
> My self of madness; find a hundred ways
> To purge the horror and express the pain. . . . . .

As all readers of the sleekest and slickest magazines know, Miss Baldwin is an extremely skilful writer, prolific, articulate, able to deal with the tribulations and heartbreak of half a hundred heroines with one hand tied behind her. And, as habit can lead one, even in the most shocking agony, to follow an accustomed technique, she records her own real-life heartbreak with the same practised facility of expression. But the immediacy of the emotion behind these poems gives the book as a whole an added poignance and stature. Some of the poems are rebellious and angry, some grasp at resignation and philosophic acceptance; some are sardonic, some uncompromisingly bitter. A few are wryly flippant, in the Dorothy Parker manner, and a few unabashedly sentimental. Together they present a moving record of a woman's agonized struggle to accept, to understand, and to reconcile herself with the terrible fact of loss. "Widow's Walk" will speak for, and to, many who have faced such grief.

SARA HENDERSON HAY.

AN HISTORIAN'S MUSE: Many years ago when Professor James T. Shotwell came to lecture at the college where I was an undergraduate some of the older if not wiser heads in our community expressed a few fears. They did not question his scholarship or the dynamic quality of his mind but they had heard that he had little feeling and even that he was an atheist. If they could have read his volume of **"Poems"** (Simon & Schuster, $2) their doubts would have been removed for it offers an eloquent statement of triumphant belief.

Its faith takes two forms. The first is the conviction that better days are ahead for the nations

> Blind not the mind with craven fears
> Behind the shadows shines the sun
> Another dawning million years
> Has just begun.

The second is that better days are ahead for us as persons

> What is it to grow old?
> Not what youth, pitying, fears;
> The heavily burdened years
> Bring blessings manifold.

How much attention these poems would attract if published anonymously it is hard to say. Our awareness that Professor Shotwell is the author clearly adds to our enjoyment of them. It is good to know that so keen an analyst of public affairs can listen so sensitively to private melodies and can respond so readily to transitions in nature like spring, twilight, and dawn. And surely the words gain in power when we realize that the one who expresses such an eager longing for better days has himself been a leader in the struggle to bring them about. —J. S. BIXLER.

ASSORTED LIMERICKS: Edward Gorey's **"The Listing Attic"** (Little, Brown $2) is an engagingly macabre little book made up of some sixty limericks of assorted flavors: (grisly, gently grotesque, frankly pointless, wickedly innocent, slightly mad) decorated with wonderful travesties of respectable Victorian illustrations. The limericks are not of the Lear variety, with the limpingly repetitious last line; they have an antic quality of reckless improvization, skipping about the meadows of fancy with a fine and witty abandon. Mr. Gorey, whose self-portrait may be seen drifting across the cover murmuring, for whatever reason, "O rage! O désespoir!" must have had a very good time constructing his "Listing Attic." Those who enjoy this particular kind of playfulness will have a very good time in it, too. —S. H. H.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, submits the names of a dozen writers each of whom left at his or her death an unfinished novel which was published posthumously in its fragmentary form. Six correct linings-up of authors and titles may be regarded as encouraging, seven heartening, and eight or better cause for rejoicing. Answers on page 36.

1. Jane Austen	( )	Bouvard et Pécuchet
2. Charlotte Brontë	( )	Celt and Saxon
3. Joseph Conrad	( )	Denis Duval
4. Charles Dickens	( )	Emma
5. F. Scott Fitzgerald	( )	Of Time and the River
6. Gustave Flaubert	( )	Quatres Evangiles
7. Henry James	( )	Suspense
8. George Meredith	( )	The Last Tycoon
9. R. L. Stevenson	( )	The Mystery of Edwin Drood
10. W. M. Thackeray	( )	The Sense of the Past
11. Thomas Wolfe	( )	The Watsons
12. Emile Zola	( )	Weir of Hermiston

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Eden in France—and I Don't Mean Anthony

NICE.

THIS will be the story of how I went to see the nudists in my *Quatre Chevaux*. Now the *Quatre Chevaux* is a car, to be sure, a miniscule one, about the last size before a motorcycle. In many ways it resembles a sardine can with windshield wipers, by which description I don't mean to impugn the technocratic capabilities of the *Regie Nationale des Usines Renault,* which makes it.

The term *"quatre chevaux,"* which means "four horses," refers neither to the Four Horses of the Apocalypse nor to those of South Bend. It is a term of reference for the power and size of the Renault, but strangers are cautioned not to get confused with *Huit Chevaux-Quarante Hommes,* which is what you could get inside a World War I French boxcar. You could barely get lunch for *quatre chevaux* inside a *Quatre Chevaux,* much less *quatre chevaux.*

I seem to have wandered quite far afield from the matter of the nudists. which is something I prefer not to do. The nudists, semi-nudists, and those who are six and seven-eighths nudists gather each summer on a scrubby rock fifteen kilometers off the Riviera town of La Lavandou. What they wear when they are dressed up is *Le Minimum.* A fairly capable seamstress could get three *Minimums* out of one Bikini and have a patch left over for the man in the Hathaway shirt, which is very nearly four *Minimums.*

Riding the capable coaches of Pan-American Airways I was able to deposit myself at the city of Nice, whence Pan-Am flies eastward to Rome and westward to Barcelona and home. The only trouble with Nice is that it is 120 kilometers east of Le Lavandou, and show me the man with 120/120 vision. That's where my *Quatre Chevaux* comes in. Everybody clear?

Repairing to *Mattei, L'Abonnement Automobile,* I enlisted a Renault *Quatre Chevaux* for the daily *abonnement* of 1,550 francs plus ten francs a kilometer in excess of sixty kilometers, an arrangement scheduled to cost me $9.57½ cents official rate if I could make it all in a day. The *mécanicien,* wearing the white coat affected by those who dissect white mice, offered to take me on a trial spin. He showed me the starter, a ring to be pulled from the floor; the brake, a handle to be pulled from the floor; and the horn, which extended from a rod under the left part of the steering wheel and which he referred to as *la musique.*

Although I am possessed of a male foot only normally large (10-D), I found that when putting my shoe to the accelerator it covered the brake and the clutch as well, a situation that could conceivably complicate one's driving. A simple conclusion may be to use one's toes to depress individual pedals, and I have come to the conclusion that driving a *Quatre Chevaux* is better with your shoes off. I hope the Renault people will take note.

Later I realized that the proximity of the pedals doesn't trouble many Frenchmen. When we came to the first corner on my trial spin my foot went instictively to the brake. *"Ah, non,"* said the *mécanicien,* pointing to the rod under the steering wheel, *"La musique!"*

I recoiled my foot and pushed on the horn. It sounded like Gershwin. The *mécanicien* beamed. *"Bien,"* he said, and I knew I had passed the French driving test. What happens when four *musiciens* come together on the same cross street is a problem I will leave to the wreckers.

The next morning I warmed up my *Quatre Chevaux* and put on my sunglasses. Spots appeared before my eyes. A rainbow swung across the windshield. I took them off and the colors disappeared. It is a matter about which I must write to the Polaroid people, or maybe to the *Regie Nationale des Usines Renault.* I would also like to report that in the 120 kilometers between Nice and Le Lavandou drivers of *Quatre Chevaux* drive with force and purpose and that owners of Citroens, France's big family car, are sightseeing dawdlers, possibly because they can at least see over the shoulders of the road.

I would also like to report that between Nice and Le Lavandou I passed *Le Plage Miami, Les Cabines de Waikiki, Le Camp de la Bonne Humeur,* and *Le Camp de la Prairie.* Further, it is worth your damn life to drive between Cannes and Nice on a Sunday afternoon.

As for Le Lavandou, it is a perfectly respectable family resort far from the Maxwellian (Elsa) hubbub of Monte Carlo, far from the bulb-girded facade and blue-tiled baths of the posh Negresco at Nice, and comfortably distant from the mad Bohemia of St. Tropez. The rambling confines of Lavandou's Grand Hotel, whose restaurant fronts on the beach, was inhabited, while I was there, by the general manager of the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune* and *toute sa famille.* That's pretty respectable.

AS FOR what was afoot an hour across the Mediterranean, all I am prepared to say is, *"Mon Dieu."* Arriving at 9:05 in the morning, we spotted the first adherent at 9:07. She wore sunhat, bracelet, a string of beads, *Le Minimum.* and a French

Ile du Levant—"As for what was afoot, all I am prepared to say is, *'Mon Dieu'.*"

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poodle. The poodle was wearing a collar and leash.

Minimums are tied on by a string, are worn by both men and women, although ladies, especially those inclined to be more modest, sometimes add beads, and when going to the store a shopping bag. *Minimums* in a wide assortment of colors can be purchased at a chic establishment called *Chez Trésor* which, earlier this season, gave a fashion show of "*Minimums* through the Ages," beginning with Adam and Eve. *Chez Trésor*'s newest designs in *Minimums* have zippered pockets where you can put a lipstick, a key, or coins up to the circumference of half-a-dollar. Some zipper pulls are made of matching poms-pons. Men, the bores, are inclined to choose *Minimums* that are *très classique*. Plain blue, for instance. Ladies are more disposed to pick patterns of flowers, fish, and fruit. Buttercups, sardines, and grapes are the most adaptable.

BATHING attire must be worn in Heliopolis, the main village, and also thirty yards to the left and right of the dock where the boats come in from the mainland. After that—well, sir—it is a Garden of Eden, pre-snake. Walking along the narrow seaside path cut through the *maquis*, one is liable to bump into one's friends. So it happened to me that I ran smack into the *patronne* of *Chez Trésor*. We shook hands, an old French custom. "*Bonjour*," the lady said, looking us dead in the eye. "*Bonjour*," I answered, looking at her.

On the beach, which is called *Les Grottes*, couples lounge on the sand or paddle canoes through the surf. Considerable time is spent in applying sun-tan oil. There is much small talk, although nobody is so obvious as to ask how long a person has been there. You can tell from the shade and location of the sunburn. The most anyone was wearing was a watch band, except for intellectuals who retained their heavy-rimmed eyeglasses.

There are half-a-dozen small hotels on the island, the most famous being *La Pomme d'Adam*, which is to say, The Adam's Apple. It charges $5.71 a day for room and board in season and fifty-seven cents a day less in June and September. The food is excellent and the accommodations are simple.

A few modest villas fleck the hillocks around Heliopolis, but in the crags above the sea there is a sportive colony of campers who pay seven cents a night for the privilege of pitching a tent. Campers must apply to the registrant, a tanned blonde

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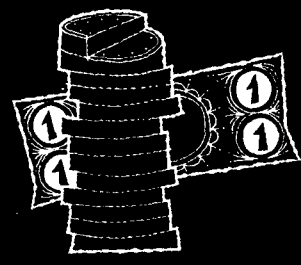

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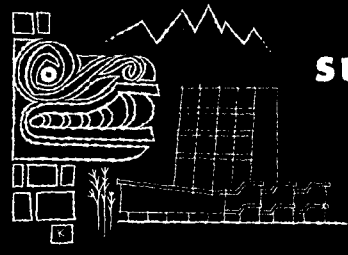

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lady who is easily found since she wears a *Minimum* with a Mexican motif and also ties a fuchsia ribbon in her hair. Many campers decorate their real estate with totem poles, old wine bottles, and bamboo gates.

A painter keeps an open-air exhibition specializing in nudes. In the main camping area spread under the shelter of the pines girls keep busy dicing peppers for lunch, men shave. A bulletin board carries such notices as this one:

> Offering a place in a car for Spain, leaving 22-24, return to border 1-3, return to Paris, 3-5.

At night everyone goes to *La Caravelle,* which is both a milk- and snack-bar and a nightclub. It dispenses *francforts* and specializes in *Amburger avec Oeuf à Cheval,* a hamburger with an egg on horseback. A sign says, *"On accept les piques-niques."* Bring your own lunch. At night when there is dancing one is expected to turn up at least in shorts, which is like a tuxedo on anybody else. Anything north of shorts is dictated by weather.

The Ile du Levant, which means the isle of sunrise, is one of the three Iles d'Hyeres, the others being Port-Cros and Porquerolles, where clothes horses still dress to the nines in Bikinis. Ferries leave regularly from Le Lavandou, when the mistral is not blowing, and from time to time from Hyeres, which is near Toulon. Levant is owned by the French Government which neither permits nor forbids nudism and the local costumes. Incognito members of parliament have been known to spend a quiet week disguised in a *Minimum.* Part of the island is set aside as a French naval base, where sailors practise shooting off rockets. Things on the Ile du Levant are either boom or bust. There is no denying the tourist side of the island attraction and I have lost track of how many daily *abonnements* I owe the *Mattei* people for my *Quatre Chevaux.* It's enough to make a man forget all about Paris. After the Ile du Levant I have just one word for the *Folies Bergére.* Ptui.

—HORACE SUTTON.

SR's Library Poll

FIFTEEN years ago "The Grapes of Wrath" was hailed as a major event; its ideas and characters defined the confusions which overtook America in the train of the Depression. Although the bulk of the "Grapes" generation has now passed into foreign graves or hometown prosperity, John Steinbeck's personal craft does not change. And he retains still his great following; "Sweet Thursday" is No. 6 on this week's list.

AUTHOR AND TITLE

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
4. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
7. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
8. **Gone With the Wind**
   by Margaret Mitchell (F)
9. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
10. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
11. **Magnificent Obsession**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
12. **A Fable**
    by William Faulkner (F)
13. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
14. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
15. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
16. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
17. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
18. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
19. **McCarthy and His Enemies**
    by William F. Buckley and L. Brent Bozell (G)
20. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)

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** (F) — Fiction

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Jewish Tercentenary

Continued from page 21

Kafka's own terms, an attempt to justify the ways of Franz to father. Did he hope that his father would respond to those terms, to the clarity of style, the reasoning power, the dry muscular force of the prose; to the pessimism, fatalism, self-negation; to the peculiarly Kafkian tone? The breach between father and son had always been great, by Kafka's own recognition. How could he dare to hope, then, that his father, always indifferent to his published writings, even suspicious, possibly contemptuous, of them, would suddenly respond with sympathy and the desire to forget old wounds? How could he hope that his father would even trouble to read the long letter through, would not see its very length as an expression of long-windedness, perversity, timidity, total lack of an instinct for the "true" proportions of things?

THE letter, of course, was not sent although originally it was meant to be; this too was very Kafkaesque, frustration upon frustration, abortion upon abortion. And so his father never saw it, perhaps even remained ignorant of its existence. Perhaps had he seen it, and had he finally been able to recognize his son's worth, he might have had a few words to say about the tribulations which an ordinary father almost always has with a son of genius. (There is a converse too —the tribulations which a talented son, for example Klaus Mann, almost always has with a father of genius.) A pleasant speculation, but entirely remote from the reality, for had the father lived nine lives he would have ended only by strengthening his belief in the triflingness of his son's existence. Writing as a form of gesture and action was not something readily comprehensible in his domain of life.

It is a very eloquent letter, an extended inner statement and history, penetrating, beautifully articulate, scrupulously honest, never vulgar by hair-splitting, illuminating for all who find Kafka interesting. If it is at times boring, that will probably be due to the fact that it is sometimes too personal (not too private) and in tone and intention too repetitive, too much of a monotone, in the way of Kafka's less personal writings also. If Kafka had remained obscure, one grave in billions, the letter would have constituted a quaint oddity; but as the dice fell it is important in proportion that it illuminates a life and work of near-major importance for our time. The letter, I believe, will comfort those

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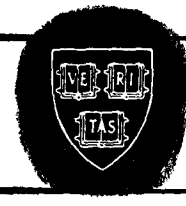

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who have lived under tyrannical fathers—certainly a vast number; possibly, after two great wars, decreasing. It will also comfort those who see in Kafka primarily secular meanings with autobiographical overtones. Allusions to "The Trial" are forceful and direct. ("The Castle" was yet to be written when the letter was composed in 1919.) "My writing was all about you; all I did there, after all, was to bemoan what I could not bemoan upon your breast."

TO THE degree that it is rhetorical the letter is not essentially a personal missive. In this respect it reminds one of Robert Louis Stevenson's Father Damien letter and of Thomas Mann's letter to the University of Bonn, the difference being—with Kafka there is always a difference—that for Kafka the gesture of writing was a terminal one. Thus he ended the affair not by a social action but by a private one, possibly helpful, probably not, as his novels were so largely private actions, rhetorical gestures, by his express will destined for burning but not fated for it—only because of his friend Max Brod's decision to disregard Kafka's posthumous desire.

The letter, as is not surprising, is brilliantly done, a tour de force, moving sometimes, always keen, and with an extraordinary ability to characterize the father and to portray him from the son's point of view. But, unlike his fictions, it is humorless. The matter under hand is too invested with the memory of Kafka's suffering for him to be able to treat it with the detachment necessary for humor. Fortunately, in my opinion, it is free of those abstractions to be found in his notebooks, and is high in the specific statements so rewarding in his "Letters to Milena."

Kafka's fashion of self-negation still continues, while the swashbuckling optimism of Stevenson has for some time now been much out of fashion. Perhaps the times will change and one will tire of Kafka; possibly not. One thing is certain: his kind of wound-probing (in order to be sure the wound is still there and thriving as wound) is in the end tiring and—but one hesitates to use the word, remembering his terrible suffering—tiresome. In the end there is not much interest in the continual statement that a circle is endless or that a brick wall stops the bloody head that batters it. But this is not to be held against Kafka, who did not mean to publish most of his works. Nor against Brod, who published them. It is inherent in the situation, just as many boring things are overheard by the ear at the door without the act of listening there being boring.

Notes

JEWS IN ROCHESTER, N.Y.: Now that the Tercentenary of Jewish settlement in America is being celebrated, many Jewish communities in various states and cities are preparing histories of their particular communities. A number of such studies have been published in recent years. A few years ago Rabbi Albert Gordon produced a fine, penetrating analysis of the history of the Jews of Minneapolis, and more recently Stuart E. Rosenberg, rabbi of the largest Jewish congregation in Rochester, N. Y., completed a doctoral dissertation on **"The Jewish Community in Rochester 1843-1925"** (Columbia University Press, $4.50), which has been chosen by the American Jewish Historical Society as the first in its American Jewish Communal History Series.

Rabbi Rosenberg does not write with the same warmth or insight found in Rabbi Gordon's volume on Minneapolis Jewry; nevertheless, his is an important contribution to American-Jewish history in the United States. The first few Jews came from Germany to Rochester in 1843 and through them, and the many others (including East European Jews) who followed, he traces the social, cultural, and economic changes in Rochester through the experiences and eyes of its Jewish inhabitants. He does not overlook the conflict, so common in Jewish history, between the Germanic and East European Jews, yet he does stress how they gradually became neighborly.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

FINE FOR REFERENCE: The 1954, and fifty-fifth, volume of the **"American Jewish Year Book"** (American Jewish Committee and the Jewish Publication Society, $5) remains as valuable as all the previous books in the series and no scholar or professional involved in American Jewish history can afford not to have this annual work on his shelf. Apart from the usual directories of national Jewish organizations, welfare funds, community councils, periodicals, bibliographies, necrologies, and calendars, this year's volume contains a new statistical survey on the estimated Jewish population in communities in the United States with one hundred or more Jews. The emphasis is, as is not always the case, on America, for more than half the book concerns American-Jewish life. There are surveys on discrimination, education, employment, immigration, communal affairs, and other topics of Jewish interest.

The articles on Jewish life abroad, particularly in Eastern Europe and North Africa, are enlightening and authoritative, although brief. Usually the Year Book carries essays on noted Jews who have died during the past year, but this edition contains only one such article, by Harry Sacher on Dr. Chaim Weizmann, first President of Israel.

Meticulously edited by Morris Fine and Jacob Sloan, who were aided by the excellent researchers working for the American Jewish Committee, this Year Book remains the best on Jewish life anywhere in the world.

—H. U. R.

JEWISH IDEOLOGIES: It is rather remarkable that no one has previously thought of an anthology like **"Struggle for Tomorrow"** (Arts, Inc., $6.50), for Basil J. Vlavianos and Feliks Gross, the editors, point out that their collection of essays on modern political ideologies of the Jewish people emphasizes that "in their struggle for survival the Jews, far from following a consistent, homogeneous pattern of political activity, developed a remarkable gamut of political movements and ideologies."

All of these essays are expository in approach, factual, unrhetorical, and lucid. The editorial notes preceding each section are exemplary, and the bibliographies following each essay indicate that the contributors in most cases went far afield from the English language alone.

Zionism, of course, overshadows all the other ideologies, for it alone has led to statehood. Territorialism, which does not regard Palestine (or Israel) an adequate place for Jewish colonization; Bundism, which never sought a territorial solution of the Jewish problem but, instead, considered the Jews a nation and Yiddish the national language; Volkism, now dead, but which once resembled Bundism, except that it did not have a socialist approach to Judaism; Communism and anarchism, which are dissected factually and devastatingly, and assimilationism, which remains very much alive—these are the ideologies treated here. Under "Religious Political Movements" the editors include "Agudism," which is a factor in Israeli life today, for the Agudists are religionists who are rather indifferent to the State of Israel. Other religious movements are dealt with, quite sensibly, in the section on the various types of Zionism, for most religious Jews seek religious and cultural fulfilment in the concept of Israel.

The contributors are in practically each case spokesmen for their movements or organizations and do their tasks well.

—H. U. R.

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VENGEANCE DELAYED: Louis Falstein's **"Sole Survivor"** (Dell First Edition, paperbound, 25¢) is a tense, emotional story of a concentration-camp survivor who comes to America, finds his Nazi guard tormentor in Brooklyn, kills him, flees the police, is finally caught, and then prepares to stand trial by deliberately starving himself so that the American jury may see the same skeleton of a man who was tortured in the terrible Tiranka extermination camp.

Incredible though the plot may seem, it is based on an actual occurrence in New York City, with, of course, much fictional license. Mr. Falstein, however, has remained spiritually true to his narrative, for Antek Prinz, the killer, is a man of conscience who refuses to concede that America would protect a Nazi murderer. When he is told that the crimes of the Nazi were committed abroad and that he would need witnesses and documentary proof of his charges Antek Prinz becomes violent and the end is inevitable: the victim must slay the Nazi in America.

The act of murder is less important in this tale than the manner in which Antek Prinz defends his violence. He considers himself "a relic, the last messenger of a slaughtered people," and as such insists that his own life is less important than it is "for the world to know that justice is not a dead word." How many of the murderers, he asks, paid for their crimes? "A dozen? One hundred? Not many more than one hundred!" But six million Jews were slaughtered. "I'm not a murderer in the first degree or any other degree. . . . What must be made clear to the world is that *six million* and *one hundred* do not balance on the scales."

Through Antek Prinz's self-starvation Mr. Falstein makes it uncomfortably clear that the scales have not been balanced, and that the violence of the Antek Prinzes was itself bred by the Nazis. —H. U. R.

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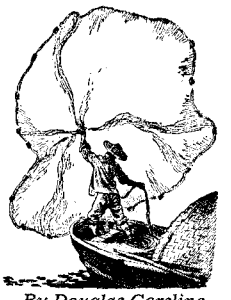
Books for Young People



By Douglas Gorsline, for "Jade Dragons."

AN ARTICLE in a recent issue of *Time* magazine ("Books: The Children's Hour," Aug. 9), implies that most children's books are "churned out by conscientious hacks" but that a new trend has developed in "recent months," with well-established writers for adults publishing some children's books that are really good. Those of us whose job it is to follow the children's field are never surprised when a writer in the adult field produces a fine child's book, for many of the children's favorite stories have been written by authors who generally write for adult readers. This is no sudden, new trend, but occurs frequently in the history of children's literature. This month, for example, we review books by five authors—Walter D. Edmonds, Betty MacDonald, James Ramsey Ullman, Frances and Richard Lockridge—who have made reputations writing for children as well as adults. But the great majority of fine books available to children in the collections of the children's rooms of public libraries, in school libraries, and in good bookstores are the products not of "conscientious hacks" but of authors and artists who have true creative gifts and who use them primarily for children.

Reviewers for this issue are Augusta Baker, Supervisor of Storytelling, The New York Public Library; Ruth G. Gagliardo, Director, Traveling Exhibits, Kansas State Teachers Association, Lawrence, Kansas; Elizabeth Nesbitt, Associate Director, Carnegie Library School, Pittsburgh; and Mildred Phipps, Supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, California, Public Library.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Supervisor, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE'S FARM. *By Betty MacDonald. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. J. B. Lippincott.* $2. Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle of Betty MacDonald's "Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle" and "Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle's Magic" has left her upside-down house for a little farm just outside of town, but her famous cures continue. Fetlock Harroway, who couldn't tell the truth, Rebecca Rolfe, who neglected her pets, Jeffie Phillips, who broke everything that came his way, Phoebe Jackstraw, the fraidy-cat, and Morton Heatherwick with his inability to find a thing he was sent for, all leave Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle's farm changed and charming children.

The tongue-in-cheek moralizing will be highly amusing to middle-aged boys and girls who love Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle. Maurice Sendak's diverting black-and-white illustrations fit the story perfectly.

—RUTH GAGLIARDO.

HOUND DOG MOSES AND THE PROMISED LAND. *By Walter D. Edmonds. Illustrated by William Gropper. Dodd, Mead.* $2.50. Walter Edmonds, one of the outstanding examples of established novelists who have made distinguished contributions to children's books—he was given the 1941 Newbery award for "The Matchlock Gun"—has written a new story that will delight readers of all ages.

Hound dog Moses takes off from the Mohawk Valley, scene of most of Mr. Edmonds's books, to follow a cold scent to the gates of the Promised Land where he finds a "no-dogs-allowed" sign. Relying on his knowledge of human, and heavenly, nature to circumvent this senseless regulation he enlists champions from among an assortment of animal lovers including a man named Francis from Assisi and a quiet Man with a quiet voice.

The story, told with rare humor and familiarity, with imagination and understanding, maintains always a sense of reverence. Wonderful black-and-white and black-and-gray illustrations by William Gropper accentuate these qualities, and there is a text to make this a book that adults as well as children will enjoy.

—F. L. S.

BANNER IN THE SKY. *By James Ramsey Ullman. J. B. Lippincott.* $2.75. Mr. Ullman, author of the best-selling adult novel "White Tower," has used the true story of the first climbing of the Matterhorn, in 1865, as the basis for this well-written, exciting tale. The Swiss mountain Citadel was unclimbable. It had taken the life of the great guide Josef Matt. Now, his sixteen-year-old son, Rudi, against the wishes of his mother and uncle and in spite of the opposition of a rival guide, was determined to make the climb. With the help of an Englishman, Captain Winters, and Teo, a crippled ex-climber, he emerged victorious and became the first person to reach the top of the Citadel. This book is comparable to Ruth Knight's "Halfway to Heaven" for drama, setting, and color, and both books should appeal to the same audience. There are the same qualities of courage and determination and, in both books, the mountain is ever present in all of its splendid majesty. This is a moving, sensitively written story and it should make a deep impression on teen-age readers.

—AUGUSTA BAKER.

TUFFY. *By George Cory Franklin. Illustrated by L. D. Cram. Houghton, Mifflin.* $2.25. Tuffy is an industrious Colorado beaver. His adventures will be of special interest to boys in grades four through six, although the subject matter and bold, open type make the story one to keep in mind also for slow readers in junior high school. The author writes from years of observation in the Rocky Mountain area and—although he sometimes comes dangerously close to "knowing what the animals think," as Abner Sprague observed of Enos Mills—his story does make good reading.

—R. G.

JADE DRAGONS. *By Florence Wightman Rowland. Illustrated by Douglas Gorsline. Oxford University Press.* $2.75. The river people of China spend their entire lives, generation after generation, on the water and never even step on the land. Young Wong Ting, who lived with his family on a one-sail sampan, wished secretly that he might, just once, walk on the firm earth and feel the ground beneath his feet. Life on the sampan was happy and varied, for always there was something happening: fishing and visiting friends, a spectacular fire along the wharfs, the monsoons with

—By William Gropper, for "Hound Dog Moses and the Promised Land."

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their high winds and heavy rains, and pirate attacks. When a rich lady dropped her jeweled bracelet with three jade dragon charms in the river and offered a reward of gold for its return all the river folk tried to find it. Wong Ting finally scooped it up in his fish net and had his chance to walk on the land when he returned the bracelet to its owner.

Customs, traditions, and philosophies of the river people, related here in text and pictures, form the background of this story of a young boy learning the responsibilities and pleasures of family life. —F. L. S.

DARK TREASURE. *By Madye Lee Chastain. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. The author of "Bright Days" and "Fripsey Summer" has chosen New York City in the 1850s as the setting of her new book for girls between the ages of nine and twelve. When Miss Chastain writes of Lissa dashing after the volunteer fire companies, attending the launching of a new clipper, or visiting Barnum's Museum, the story has humor and charm. There is much of interest, too, in the everyday activities at home and school. As such, it is a period piece with great appeal. It is unfortunate that the author introduces a highly improbable plot halfway through the book, and has it solved in a most unlikely manner by Lissa, who cannot be more than ten. Mysterious men shadowing members of the family, an attempted murder, and the return of an Oriental treasure of great value by Lissa make up this strange interruption of an otherwise charming story.

—Mildred Phipps.

DETACHED COMMAND. *By Robert C. DuSoe. Decorations by Arthur Harper. Longmans, Green.* $2.75. The foreword points out that in the year 1815 it was customary for nations to send armed ships to protect their interests in various places.

This is the story of such a voyage made by the *Petrel.* In the long journey from a United States port around Cape Horn, those on board encountered storms, pirates, and the stupidity and cupidity of minor officials. The captain of the ship was sailing master, fighting man, and diplomat, without recourse to his government in times of emergency. In spite of action, conflict, and competition among the crew, and some contrast in characters, plot and characterization are subordinate to depiction of a particular kind of life at sea in a particular era. It is possible that the average boy of twelve to fourteen will find the story interest insufficient to carry the weight of the primary emphasis. —Elizabeth Nesbitt.

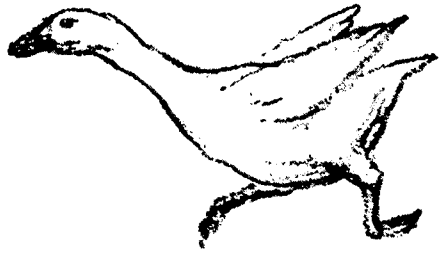
THE NAMELESS CAT. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. J. B. Lippincott.* $2.25. As readers of their mystery stories for adults are aware, the Lockridges are very interested in cats. In this, their third cat book for children, the hero is a nameless alley cat, not a pampered Siamese. All the action takes places in New York City backyards one cold night while men from the ASPCA are making a round-up of stray cats. As the big black cat eludes the men time after time, their determination to capture him grows and suspense mounts. All the while in one house a boy is watching and listening. He had left food for the cat many times and had tried unsuccessfully to make friends with him. How the boy provides a means of escape for the cat and justifies his actions to his father makes a highly successful ending to a dramatic, tightly-written story which will appeal to many nine-to-eleven-year olds. Peggy Bacon's distinctive drawings add to the suspense.

—M.P.

Hardy Perennial

"MOTHER GOOSE" traces its roots to lullabies ancient Druids sang to their children. But it wasn't until the start of the eighteenth century that the traditional jingles were cast in type expressly for youngsters. Some years later (believed to be 1744) there appeared in England a 1¾″ x 3″, two-volume book called "Tommy Thumb's Pretty Song Book," and in it were "Who Did Kill Cock Robin?" and "Bah, Bah a Black Sheep." One legend insists that the first "Mother Goose's Melodies" in this country was published in Boston on Pudding Lane by Thomas Fleet in 1719, the story being that his mother-in-law was herself the original Mother Goose. However, Mistress Elizabeth Goose was more probably the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, for when she married Isaac Goose (or Vergoose or Vertigoose) she became the stepmother of ten children, and then had six of her own, to all of whom, and their offspring as well, she sang nursery rhymes until, it is said, Mr. Fleet was sorely tried. Promulgated by his great-grandson, John Fleet Eliot. this family conceit is discredited in the Heritage Press "Mother Goose," illustrated by Roger Duvoisin and collected by William Rose Benét, who declared, "It seems now incontrovertible that the first mention of the lady was in French and that her name was attached to a collection of prose *contes* of Charles Perrault. That was in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the book was called 'Contes de ma mère L'Oye'." Certainly there is no copy extant of the Fleet printing, although one authority suggests that whole editions of the Lilliputian booklets could have been chewed up by young readers. Anyway, Katherine Elwes Thomas asserts in "The Real Personages of Mother Goose" that "the nursery rhymes, largely of Jacobite origin, are political diatribes, religious philippics, and popular street songs, embodying comedies, tragedies, and love episodes of many great historical personages, largely interspersed with English and Scotch folklore flung out with dramatic abandon." The first *bona-fide* American Mother Goose is a single copy of the second edition which, dated 1794, survived gluttony and now reposes with the American Antiquarian Society. The palm-size book, titled "Mother Goose's Melody: or Sonnets for the Cradle," was printed by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Mass., and is a copy of an English edition by John Newbery. It "contains the Moft celebrated Songs and Lullabies of the good old Nurfes, calculated to amufe Children and to excite them to fleep." This week Doubleday brings out one of the most poetically lovely editions to date. Titled "Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes," it has more than 260 illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli (including thirty-two pages in full color) and 376 rhymes. It sells for $5, measures 9″ x 12½″, and is a real mouthful for the moppets.

—Rochelle Girson.



—From Marguerite de Angeli's "Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes."

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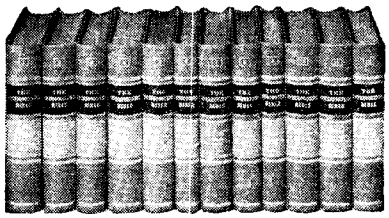

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

love-starved orphan, graduates to prostitution, and reaches final despair as a wealthy matron with no dreams to live on. "An Island of Ice" hauntingly and tellingly dissects the creative instinct of a brännvin-soaked old painter and the tubercular girl who nearly salvages him by her devotion before death slams the door in their faces. And "Moonscape," the title story, tells all there is to tell about a confused man and a brazen, ambitious woman from the time they are children until they reach middle years and find that there is nothing left for each other.

"The Tie from Paris" is simply an old-fashioned bedroom farce about a businessman who falls for his secretary and repents of it in a few contrived twists and turns. The final story, "Before the Twilight of the Gods," is a feverish and fairly confusing recollection by a young journalist who finds himself in the middle of a Graustarkian incident in which a famous personage is assassinated and a pliable beauty is tossed out a window. When smoke dies down he soundly decides to take up another line of work.

As noted above, Mr. Waltari's stories are painted over the same small canvas. But they are readable and professional. Maybe they are spun from the threads at hand in a hard-pressed country that is nervously situated. And the broad-gauge reader may have extra fun in picking up the spoor of noted American, English, and Russian short-story writers who seem to have passed his way.

Notes

FATHER OF THE NAVY: In **"Don't Tread on Me"** (Rinehart, $4) Captain Walter Karig, in collaboration with Captain Horace V. Bird, provides a fictionalized biography of John Paul Jones during his most interesting years. It is told through the eyes of one Manesseh Fisher, who at fifteen stows away aboard Jones's ship when she puts into Martha's Vineyard, and follows the captain's fortunes until after the great victory over the *Serapis*.

As a piece of fiction the book has many virtues, chiefly those of the adventure-story school, but not entirely. It moves along briskly through credible and well-told adventures, the characters talk and act like people, and the background is sketched in with such admirable skill that the reader finds himself really living the life of the period. The account of Jones's life before he became a captain in the Continental Navy, shrouded in mystery in the non-fictional accounts, is made wholly plausible, and if a few of the naval transactions are a little larger and more brilliant than life, this is quite permissible.

Captain Karig has devoted little effort to the analysis of an intricate and often contradictory character. He is more concerned with the analysis of events, and here he is very thoroughly at home.

Captain Bird comes into the picture as an expert on battle tactics under sail, and he does a good job of making the numerous engagements and chases in which Jones was involved both clear and exciting, although I am inclined to doubt whether the one-sticker sloop *Providence* flew stuns'ls and royals, as he makes her do. His account of the escape of the *Glasgow* from the six ships that composed the first American naval squadron is particularly well handled.

—FLETCHER PRATT.

WELSH BOYHOOD: David Brynley's **"Seth"** (Scribner's, $3.50) is the familiar first novel of childhood and youth, laid in an ugly town in the gutted mountains of Wales. It records a boy's discovery of good and evil in human nature, of ugliness and beauty in the world; it describes his first electric encounters with religion, music, and sex. With dogged inclusiveness and some repetition it follows the experience of a fatherless Welsh youth from his birth in a stable to his winning of a music scholarship that will take him to London.

David Brynley, its author, grew up in a Welsh village that was the home of the late Dylan Thomas, but he has little of his fellow townsman's exuberance of feeling and none of his intoxication with language, except for Welsh phrases.

Like a nineteenth-century novelist, Mr. Brynley frequently portrays his characters in black and white. More effective is his picture of the harsh Welsh background. The novel shows Cwmglen in the changing seasons—white and tranquil after a Christmas snowstorm, relaxed and warm on cloudless days in spring, desolate under the dark skies of November.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Watsons." 2. "Emma." 3. "Suspense." 4. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." 5. "The Last Tycoon." 6. "Bouvard et Pécuchet." 7. "The Sense of the Past." 8. "Celt and Saxon." 9. "Weir of Hermiston." 10. "Denis Duval." 11. "Of Time and the River." 12. "Quatres Evangiles."

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But in the midst of wretchedness and toil there is music. The first time he heard a Welsh chorus, singing as if nothing else mattered in their lives, Seth knew that he was in the presence of something that transcended the poverty and ugliness of Cwmglen.
—WALTER HAVIGHURST.

FAUST ON THE DIAMOND: Douglass Wallop's frivolously Faustian light novel, **"The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant"** (Norton, $2.95), is interesting to me for what must in the eyes of publisher and perhaps author be all the wrong reasons.

For example, how must Mr. Wallop feel to have his second novel a Book-of-the-Month Club selection when his fine first novel, "Night Light," was all but lost in the publishing shuffle of 1953? The money and prestige of the BMOC choice must make anyone feel good, but I suspect a sneaking sorrow goes with it, along with the clear knowledge that this present opus is little more than an extended anecdote, not too expertly handled at that.

And how must Mark Harris feel who wrote in 1953 "The Southpaw," the best novel about and around baseball I have ever read, and coincidentally one of the best novels of any kind of its season? "The Southpaw" racked up fair sales, but won no book-club accolades and still probably depends on the word-of-mouth of its intensely loyal, even fanatic band of admirers.

For those readers by now weary of my moaning, let me detail that this is the story of a fan of the Washington Senators who gets a chance to sell his soul to the Devil in return for turning into the incomparable ballplayer who can spark the Senators to a pennant. The Devil and the Yankees are the villains and I shan't go into the dreary dodges by which all turns out well in the end. There are some moments of fun and a few sections when Mr. Wallop's real ability to create characters and involve his readers in his story almost peep through. But the whole thing would have been much better boiled down to a few paragraphs and traded to Bennett Cerf for a good switch-hitter. —AL HINE.

TV PROS: If you have ever watched a television audience participation show, and felt that some of the participants looked vaguely familiar: this was no optical illusion. According to Steve Fisher, there is a coterie of professional quiz contestants who eke out a dreary subsistence by making the rounds of the giveaway shows—peddling the small prizes and hoping for the Giant Jackpot. In **"Giveaway"** (Random House, $3.50) he explores their scabrous little world with the same incisive realism that made his "I Wake Up Screaming" such a memorable thriller.

The habitat of Mr. Fisher's leisure class is Hollywood, lodestar of the free loader. Eddie Shelton, who is the narrator of "Giveaway," is no professional moocher, but a runaway youngster from Indiana. He falls in with a couple of harpies who haunt the television giveaway shows, and he picks up enough *savoir vivre* in one summer to further his education substantially. Mr. Fisher writes in a pulp-schooled style that is almost pure dialogue, and that never allows the story to lag. The glibly sentimental conclusion of "Giveaway," though, seems out of keeping with its otherwise cleareyed tone.—MARTIN LEVIN.

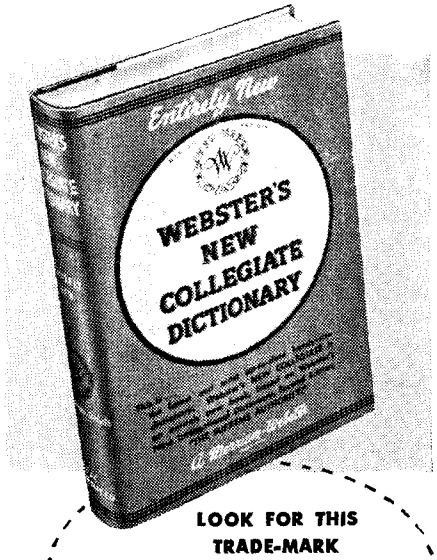
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE WIDOW AND THE WEB *Robert Martin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Mid-South industrial area scene of Pvt. Eye Jim Bennett's latest coup.	Highly knowledgeable performance, with fast pace, nice authenticity.	Grade A
IT COULDN'T BE MURDER *Robert B. Sinclair* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Adcoon dehorsed on L.I. estate; cops and Fotog. Andy Spenser nose around.	Overpeopled at start, but well-told yarn straightens out nicely.	Plus Mark
THE CORPSE THAT CAME BACK *Peter Piper* (Random: $2.75)	Yard ace, vacationing in Edinburg for music fiesta, hears crime piper's call.	High good humor, deft characterization, fast pace, fine travelogue.	Sprightly, literate
RED PAWNS *George Griswold* (Dutton: $2.75)	Bill Pepper, U.S. Intelligence op., tangles with Commies on Near East mission.	Tourists, natives, hotel help abound; some corpses.	Orthodox spy job

—SERGEANT CUFF.

No Doubt About It!



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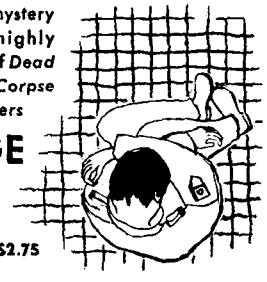

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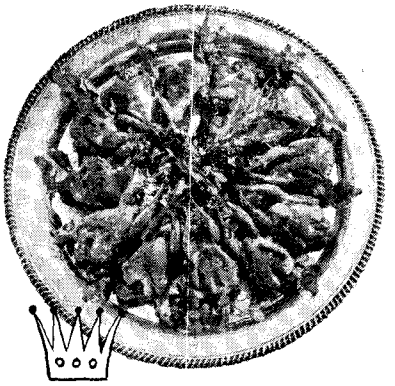

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

THE AMERICAN CHRISTMAS. By James H. Barnett. The Macmillan Co. $2.95. A history of Christmas in this country, since its days of yulish development in the early nineteenth century to the present, where Rudolph the Rednosed Reindeer and Bing Crosby are giving Santa Claus a terrific run for his trade.

ANNIE OAKLEY OF THE WILD WEST. By Walter Havighurst. The Macmillan Co. $4.50. A biography of Annie Moses, who as Annie Oakley was one of the mainstays of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. Before she died in 1926, and after Cody's show perished in a fire, she and her husband, also a hot eye with a shooting iron, worked as teachers and gave demonstrations of what shooting was like in the days when a bullet was a bullet.

AROUND INDIA. By John Seymour. John Day Co. $4.95. Another intimate glimpse of India by an Englishman who spent a year there hobnobbing up and down the landscape.

THE BEGGARS IN THE SUN. By Paul Darcy Boles. The Macmillan Co. $3. Last year Mr. Boles was writing about auto racing ("The Streak"). This year he is writing of Alabama hill country, and of one Carp Rambo, who plays the geetar and loves two women—his wife and another's. It all works out in the end, while the sun burns on and the moon bays through the magnolia leaves.

THE FIVE SEASONS. By Karl Eska. Translated by Robert Kee. Viking Press. $3.95. A lugubrious wind about a small village in Russia, and what happens to it during one of the Five Year Plans when the dam breaks, loosing all the irrigation water, and famine sets in.

A HANDFUL OF SILVER. By Victor Canning. William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. This should be just right for when Indian summer comes walking down the sky, since it is a light one about a schoolteacher who is asked to tutor a mysterious unknown pupil, and finds himself, before he can leave by the rear postern, witness and victim to kidnapping, international dulskuggery, and imprisonment in a Yale-locked chateau.

THE HARVARD TREE. By Alma Stone. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. A Harvard tree being a plum tree, this is a novel set in southland about what a little girl hears and learns about her family and forbears, one of whom, Aunt Flossy, has buried a diamond under a plum tree.

IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE. By Trygve Lie. The Macmillan Co. $6. A fully documented record, by the genial, earnest Mr. Lie, of his seven years as the United Nation's first Secretary General, in which he tells of the innumerable imbroglios he was partner to during those setting-up years, how the Secretariat works, how the personnel was chosen, and, what, to his mind, will be the most sensible program for the U.N. to follow if it is to survive for at least the next twenty years.

THE IRON CRADLE. By Lawrence Alexander as told to Adam Barnett. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. The author's experiences as a victim of polio—he was struck when he was twenty-seven—and how he has returned to an almost normal existence.

THE JACKSONIANS. By Leonard D. White. The Macmillan Co. $8. The third and final volume of Mr. White's study of the executive branch of the Government and its growth from the time of Jefferson's incumbency to the end of Buchanan's tenure.

JESUS AND HIS TIMES. By Daniel-Rops. Translated by Rudy Millar. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. A biography of Jesus and of His times, by the eminent French Catholic theologian. For this American edition of the book the King James version of the Bible is substituted, where necessary in the text, for the author's original Douay translation.

JOAN OF ARC. By Lucien Fabre. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $5. A biography, first published in France in 1947 and now in its first English translation, of St. Joan.

MARGIN OF ERROR. By Mary Borden. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50. Personality as it emerges in disaster, or burnt thumbs on the stove, is the idea of this novel about Flight TDF 391 from London to Damba and about the people at home and at the destination, which the plane never reaches, due to a bumpy forced landing.

THE PLUM THICKET. By Janice Holt Giles. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. The protagonist of this novel is an eight-year-old named Katie who goes to Arkansas one summer to stay with her grandmother. There she watches—eyes bulging and ears the size of doors—her Aunt Maggie as she oscillates between two men, one of whom gets their Negro servant girl with child, make her final decision, and the summer end in a double tragedy.

POETS OF TODAY. By Harry Duncan Noss, and May Swenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. Three collections of poems, more than a penny each, by three young poets who have gained some eminence in the past five or so years.

RAP SHEET. By James Henry Audett. William Sloane Assoc. $4. The autobiography of "Blackie" Audett is a stirring one: Audett was flogged frequently by his father; was shanghaied into the Canadian Army during the First World War; was later party to a $560,000 train robbery; went to jail, broke out, robbed a bank, went to jail again, broke out, and joined Al Capone; after this jail again, sprung on a writ, and fun with the Prendergast machine; jail again, and sentence served.

THEY CALLED HIM STONEWALL. By Burke Davis. Rinehart & Co. $5. A biography of General Stonewall Jackson, the nut-hard, sharp-thinking soldier, killed by one of his own men at Chancellorsville, who has been an inspiration to everyone, at one time or another, from Confederate boys to Papa Hemingway.

WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY. By James Yaffe. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. Another tale of Jewish middle-class life by Mr. Yaffe. In this one the hero is a brittle, fast, warm soul named Dan Waxman, who becomes an expert public accountant, narrowly avoids getting mixed up with a fraud charge, grows rich, and finally settles in his native Chicago—wiser and rounder. The story is told by his nephew.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 587

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 587 will be found in the next issue.

GCP WCQ'E ODTEI YIZXPMI

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—V. MZCEE VTEHAIDXBW.

Answer to No. 586

A man doesn't begin to attain wisdom until he recognizes that he is no longer indispensable.—Richard Byrd.

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And Nothing But the Truth

Continued from page 10

let his words mold his plot, can reshape a character or a situation for a fine phrase, if he chooses. But the article writer is forever trapped by the facts.

Ah, what leads, what ringing sentences, what singing prose, what facile, flowing pages could be written were it not for the cold cramping facts. These are the article writer's cross, and sometimes his downfall. They are also the measure of him. The poor writer will stretch a fact to fit a bright presentation. The fair writer will sacrifice the presentation to preserve the facts. The good writer will struggle until he finds another vivid presentation that fits the facts.

How does this respect for facts jibe with the rage for fictional treatment of the magazine article? The answer, in the minds of most ethical writers and editors, is that the fictional treatment can take certain prescribed liberties, providing it does the facts no harm and leaves them unaltered. For instance: "The skipper took one look at the damage, clapped his hand to his head, and began shouting." All right, so maybe the skipper didn't clap his hand to his head. Probably he himself couldn't tell you whether he did or didn't. But it makes for easier, more enjoyable visualization of the action by the reader without impairing the facts.

WHEN the free-lance writer sets out upon an assignment he carries the whole burden of the magazine's standard alone. From the magazine he gets travel expenses, and, usually, sufficient time, but little other help. His research ought to be exhaustive enough to anticipate every question, accurate enough to preclude, or refute, every possible complaint, observant and penetrating enough to make sprightly reading of the most pedestrian subjects.

Surprisingly few of our leading national magazines have adequate research departments to check the facts in all their articles. It is a great compliment to the reliability of the magazine's writers. Most magazines depend solely on them to insure the accuracy of every detail. There are fewer challenges more unrelenting in any craft.

The writer has good reason to spend from two to six, even ten weeks, exploring a single article, to come back with sufficient notes to write 20,000 words even when he knows his limit is 3,000. Men may have devoted their lives to some study, but when the writer takes the subject for an article he is supposed to be an expert on it by the time he sits down to his typewriter. Dare he then spend less than weeks in absorbing it? Those millions of people—the greatest mass readership in history—are waiting to accept him as authority, to take his word as gospel because it appears in print in their favorite magazine. The responsibilty of their trust is frightening, and the wrath of their discovery of the slightest factual error is shattering.

If he can write only 3,000 words on the subject, though, what is the use of gathering material for 20,000? Who can tell the difference? For one thing, a good editor can tell almost every time. Just how an editor knows would be difficult to explain. It is one of the slipperiest parts of the job. But there is a subtle yet unmistakable difference in the story written out of a vast surplus of certain knowledge and the piece composed from every scrap of facts at hand, perhaps patched by some fancy writing to cover bare spots in the research.

The reader may never know, in the sense that he can tell what's lacking. But unconsciously he spots it, too, for somewhere in the course of starting or reading it he decides to turn on the television instead.

I once heard Roger Dakin, editor of *Collier's*, say that this very factor led him to suspect that the best writers do not always make the best magazine writers. Dakin, the most didactic editor in the business, who should have charged tuition for his now rare conferences with writers, explained: "It's too easy for the rare talent to depend on skill with words rather than perseverance with research, too tempting for him to write around the facts instead of making the facts carry the story."

I cannot be sure how credible this is to the interested reader or amateur writer. I can only say that at least once in every article the professional reaches a point where he must decide whether to let his words dance around some missing information or go and get the absent fact.

Three things make a magazine writer—a sense of article values, able and conscientious reporting, and skilful specialized writing. Lacking all three a professional could not survive, or begin. But if he had to be deficient in two I suspect he'd get along best by building a reputation as the unassailable reporter. The editors might consider it worthwhile to prop up such

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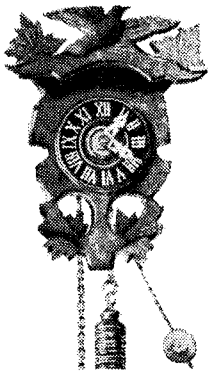

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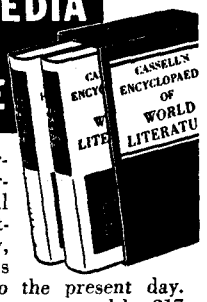

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HARPER

a one-legged tripod with office ideas and a rewrite man.

I HOPE I am not giving the impression that article writers are some sort of three-legged curiosities. I have never even met one with two heads. But until 1948 this was a matter of the merest conjecture. Nobody had ever seen a sizable cross-section of them. True, each editor was familiar with his own stable of writers, but editors' descriptions of writers are not to be relied upon, and few magazine writers had ever seen each other.

Then a handful of them, drawn together by sheer loneliness, decided to form the Society of Magazine Writers. Since the decline of the oldtime prospector few people have worked with less companionship, few have had to rely more on their own resources, than free-lance article writers. They are all individualists, and not exceptionally rugged.

Without sacrificing any of that unrugged individualism, a very substantial proportion of the regular contributors to the larger magazines joined the Society. The basic requirements for membership were four published articles in a specified list of leading magazines within the year preceding application. The Society has accomplished a great deal for all magazine writers and for magazines, too. It has promulgated a Code of Ethics and Good Practices, and it developed the idea for annual awards for the magazine industry, now known as the Benjamin Franklin Awards, administered by the University of Illinois.

The primary purpose the Society served for its members, though, was to give them a sounding board for their professional problems. It was at just such a sound-off session, when several of them were bemoaning the travail of their tasks, that a visitor observed: "If it's trying and difficult as all of you say why do you like to write?"

"Who likes to write?" one of the members retorted with a fine professional regard for the facts. "We only like to have written."

True, the fine soaring inspirations that are supposed to send the traditional author flying to his typewriter, to remain unavailable for days with only his trusty pipe for companion, seem notably lacking among the article writers. More typical is the story of the writer near deadline with nothing written. His wife took the children out so he could concentrate, and tramped around town with them until evening. She finally dragged herself and the bedraggled children home in time to see him finishing the polishing of their ninety-six-piece set of silver, still with nothing written.

The average free-lancer spends his life in an anguished struggle against stalling, against frittering away his writing time. His must be a continuing effort at self-discipline. Some succeed admirably. Some get by. Some drop out. Success in the craft is as much a matter of temperament as talent.

You have to be provident enough, or have good enough credit, to live for months sometimes without income. You often have to endure seeing all your capital assets—your ideas and your manuscript—tied up interminably by indecisive editors. You have to take a philosophical view of payment checks long overdue from rich magazines. You have to preserve your sanity through barren periods when there's no work and through busy periods filled with nothing but cursed revisions. You have to develop a six-inch armorplate insensibility to what editors may do, or make you yourself do, to those words you all but bled for.

But given the right temperament these irritations become minor as you contemplate the incomparable aspects of life as a successful free-lancer.

Nobody can fire you. You need not quiver before some eccentric editor. If you want to tell one to go to hell it's all right as long as you don't tell too many. You have the utmost security to the limit of your confidence in yourself.

Your time is your own. You set your own holidays, your own vacations. You can change your working hours to accommodate any situation or welcome visitor, or misrepresent them to divert an unwelcome one. The free-lancer works hard when he works, but I know many of them whose hours are far fewer than forty for the week.

Your income if you're an established writer is irregular, to be sure, but not very uncertain. Checks may pile up one month and bills may pile up the next several months, but at the end of the year the total is fairly consistent, and for the successful ones considerable.

Nobody can tell you what to write. Although you can't write whatever you want (only what the magazines will buy), you never have to write anything you don't want.

You have the supreme satisfaction

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SAM'L SHELLABARGER:
LORD VANITY

There was not much to see in the Arsenal any longer. . . . The thousands of workmen who in the days of Lepanto could build and launch a ship in twenty-four hours were now only hundreds. . . . Like the rest of Venice, the Arsenal had begun to live on memories.

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of doing something important. At the very least you're entertaining your fellow men. But more often you're informing and educating them, and, as few other educators can claim, you're making them like it.

One consideration that makes free-lancers loathe to leave the business, however, is the remembrance of how hard it was to get in in the first place. A careless reading of this article might give the false impression that there is nothing at all to having a magazine article published. You just think up a little old idea. You let the editor take you to lunch. You say to him, "Woodrow," you say, finishing off your Napoleon brandy, "it ought to make a great story for *Companion*." And he says, "Go ahead. I'll send you an advance check for expenses." And then you simply go get the facts and write it, that's all. Only a closer reading will show that it doesn't happen quite that swiftly, or quite that way. And anyway, the beginner knows that he can't get to see the editor in the first place. If he doesn't know it he'll find out.

Even if he could get to see an editor and even if he had a world-beater of an idea the conversation would sound little like the editors' discussions with known professionals. Editors are afraid of unpublished amateurs. Not only is the amateur's work unknown and probably unusable, but more important still, how can his reporting be relied upon?

The editor can feel comfortable—if editors ever really feel comfortable—only when dealing with a writer whose work is familiar and consistent.

I realize this is beginning to look like the old runaround the young man or woman gets in so many lines of work—nobody wants you until you have experience and nobody will let you get the experience. It isn't quite that impossible, though it certainly isn't easy.

THE first thing to do when you get an article idea is to check the *Readers Guide to Periodical Literature* (in your public library) to see if any of the magazines it covers (it is sadly incomplete) have already used the idea. Then until editors have had a chance to see some of your work in print write the article out instead of submitting a query. Don't think the article won't be read. Magazines are conscientious about reading "slush," as this material is called. And on this basis amateurs are not at all unwelcome. Their finished work can be judged without risk. Editors dearly love to discover an unknown that way. They're even willing to help him if the story looks promising enough.

But let's be realistic. It's a thousand to one chance, or worse, for the neophyte. The likelihood of an untrained person, entirely on his own, working up a piece that even partially meets the mysterious specialized requirements of any magazine is discouragingly remote.

How, then, do you learn? Correspondence courses are of questionable value. Agents and critics who advertise they will help you with your manuscript for a fee help you in getting rid of your money, little more. Personally, I've never known a professional who had begun through any of these, or who admitted it if he did.

Some university courses are worth while, depending on the ability and experience of the instructors. But like the editors, the most they can hope to do is discover an occasional talent and help develop it. Yet there are men and women making a living writing for magazines who don't have any great talent, some—I think we'd all have to admit—who aren't even quite bright. So there must be an easier way. Nobody to my knowledge has ever taken a survey of how successful article writers started, but I strongly suspect that most of them reached their not too dizzying heights from magazines or newspapers.

Magazine salaries are generally low and the work is often arduous and exacting, but I know of no shorter cut to a working knowledge of magazine writing. The newspaperman, of course, gets excellent training in reporting and writing, and frequently a chance to meet and mingle with people who can help him with magazine writing. Then all he has to do is unlearn a lot of the values and writing techniques of the newspaper business, grope through to the different ones of the magazines, and spend his off hours working up his first acceptable articles. Many do. I did.

After a few—even one or two—articles are accepted the newcomer begins to enjoy the finest fruits of this type of free-lance writing, the fact that so little of it is speculative. The fiction writer does the great bulk of his work on speculation and the waste is appalling. The most successful short-story writers I know seldom average better than one sale for every two stories written.

The article writer, though, once established can describe his idea to an editor and find out in advance whether the magazine is interested. If he has recognized status the editor will usually give him an assignment on the basis of the idea, which implies expenses and a guaranteed payment in case the article is rejected through no fault of the author's. Good writers seldom miss on such assignments. When each one represents a tenth to twentieth of your annual income you can't afford to miss.

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(Continued from page 41)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

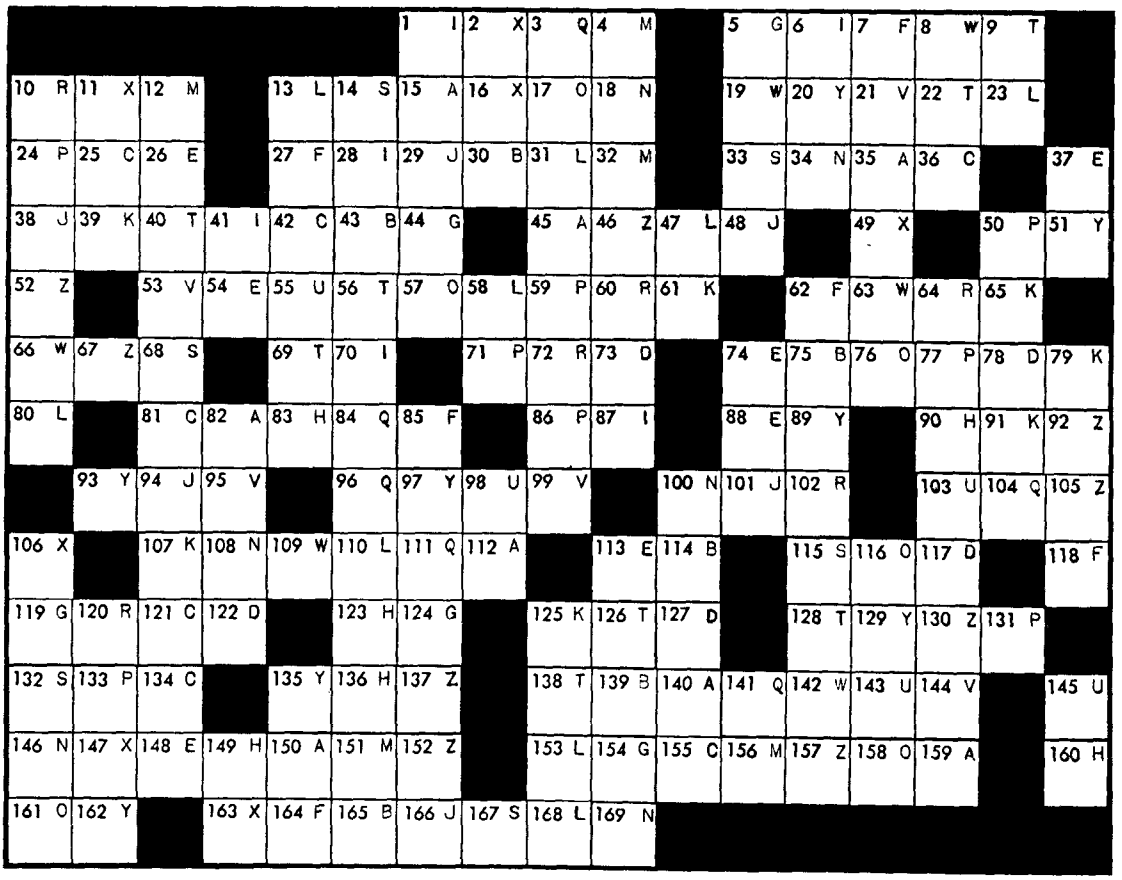
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Causing perspiration.	159 150 112 35 82 45 140 15
B. A writer of unknown name.	165 43 75 139 114 30
C. Brightly colored Amer. duck, allied to canvasback, a game bird.	155 36 121 81 42 25 134
D. Woman poet of Baltimore, 1856-1935.	73 78 127 122 117
E. Colonel under Stonewall Jackson who covered Confederate retreat from Gettysburg (1823-95).	88 74 113 37 26 54 148
F. The Abyssinian banana.	7 118 27 85 62 164
G. Unlawful acquisition of property.	44 154 119 124 5
H. Used colloq. at end of sentence to mean "all the same."	160 136 123 83 149 90
I. Entangle.	1 70 41 28 87 6
J. Reply to a charge.	101 48 166 94 29 38
K. Statewide school examinations in New York.	79 91 61 65 39 125 107
L. Piece of harness so placed as to support the breastband (2 wds.).	168 31 13 23 80 153 58 47 110
M. Upright (2 wds.).	156 4 12 151 32
N. Make a sound like whizzing but less sibilant.	146 100 34 18 169 108

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Conjunction introducing a concessive clause following and qualifying another.	76 116 17 57 158 161
P. Masterful exercise of power (2 wds.).	24 59 50 71 77 86 133 131
Q. Favorable opinion founded on supposed worth.	3 84 96 104 111 141
R. Deprive of reason.	102 120 64 72 60 10
S. British army commander, known as the "Bayard of India" (1803-63).	167 14 115 68 132 33
T. French sculptor, decorated Rockefeller Center, Chicago's Century of Progress, etc. (1882-1935).	128 40 22 126 138 69 56 9
U. Well-known club of people in entertainment world, New York City.	143 55 98 103 145
V. A particle of approx. 200 times the mass of the electron, first discovered in cosmic rays.	53 99 144 21 95
W. Great region, most northerly point Cape Blanc, most southerly Cape Agulhas.	109 66 8 63 19 142
X. Describing those "tricks" in "God Save the King."	16 106 49 2 147 163 11
Y. The action of wind on land surfaces.	162 51 20 129 135 97 93 89
Z. Made coarse and rugged.	92 67 157 152 46 105 130 137 52

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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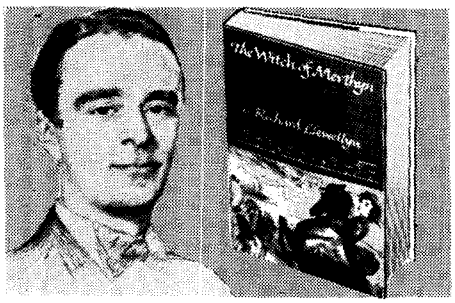

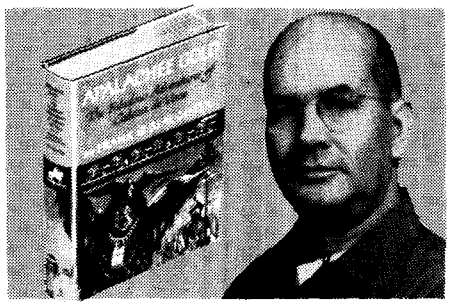

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